Saturday Review

NOVEMBER 22, 1958 / 25¢

DIALOGUE WITH THE AUDIENCE, By John Ciardi

WHAT IS AN IDEA? By Mortimer J. Adler

Pearl S. Buck and Carlos P. Romulo, authors of "Friend to Friend." *(See page 15)*

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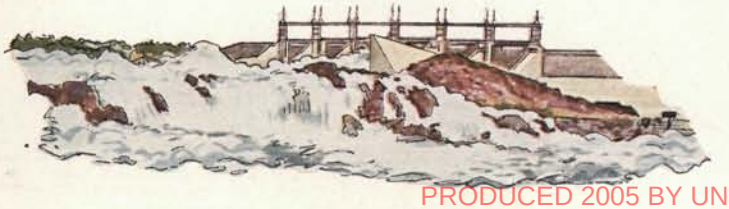

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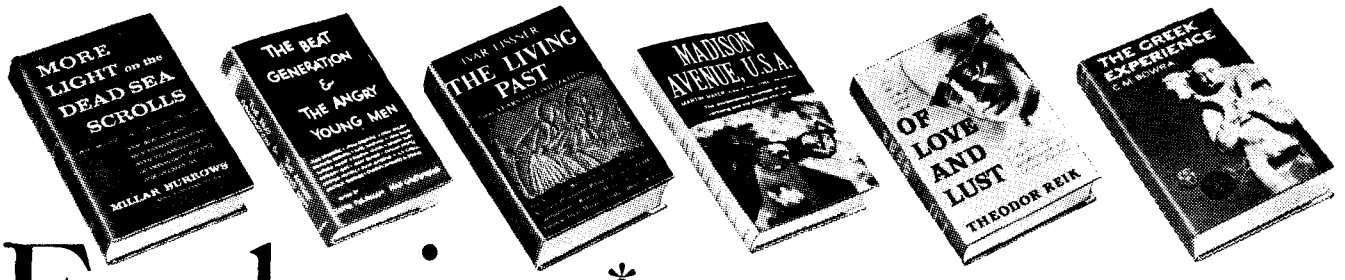

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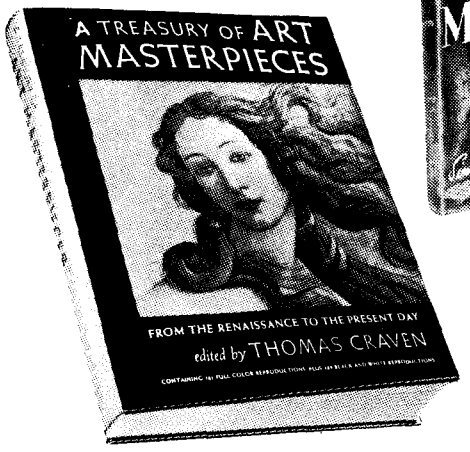

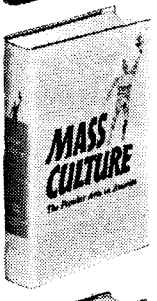

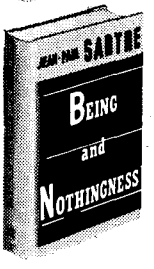

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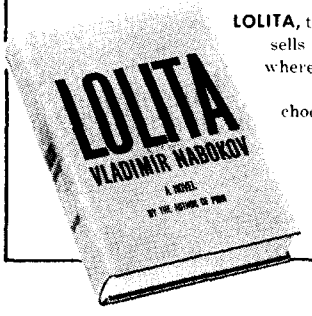

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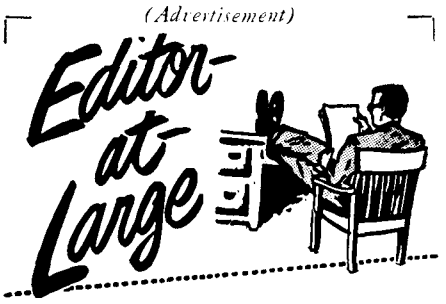

"The Run For Home," by Leland Frederick Cooley is a tough novel about tough men.

Its time is the 1920s, its setting the Pacific Ocean, and its cast of characters a group of American merchant seamen on a cargo ship that sails up the Pacific coast, over to New Zealand and back to San Francisco.

The men in it talk a tough language and they do tough things. There are in the book no-holds-barred brawls in barrooms and on board ship and a graphically described episode in which the crew battles desperately to secure a drum full of dynamite that has broken loose in the hold during a storm.

When you start the book's final and climactic scene, a life-and-death chase on a darkened San Francisco pier, sit way back in your chair. I guarantee you'll be on the edge of your seat before you are through.

If you are looking for a man's book to read or to give for Christmas, this is your dish. And, believe me, it's no Spode tea cup. It's a thick coffee mug, battered and chipped on the mess table of a weather-beaten old tramp ship.

"The Run For Home" is a first novel by a well-known television producer. We should all be grateful to Leland Frederick Cooley for having avoided any temptation to write another novel about the lives of the people behind the 21-inch screen.

But we should be even more grateful to him for this well-written, fast-moving, action-packed tale of adventure.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"The Run For Home" ($4.50), by Leland Frederick Cooley, is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located not too far from the waterfront at 633 Canal Street in New Orleans, Louisiana.

Saturday Review

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ANNALS of WINE

This 1792 MADEIRA
was laid down when
GEORGE WASHINGTON
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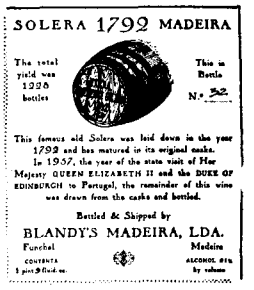
We quote from the book "Madeira" written by André Simon, founder of the Wine & Food Society and one of the world's leading gastronomic authorities. "In January 1933, Dr. Michael Grabham, 'the grand old man' of Madeira, celebrated his ninety-third birthday, which was the occasion on which I tasted for the first time an authentic 1792 Madeira, perfect as regards colour, bouquet and flavor." On that occasion the good Dr. Grabham stated "This wine was made in 1792, a very good year indeed—it was given to me in 1873. It has been with me during the past 60 years.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And it is of historical interest to note that the "London Daily Telegraph" of October 8th, 1841 refers to the vintage 1792 as having been purchased by Napoleon in 1815 to comfort him in his exile when he called at Madeira on his way further south to St. Helena.

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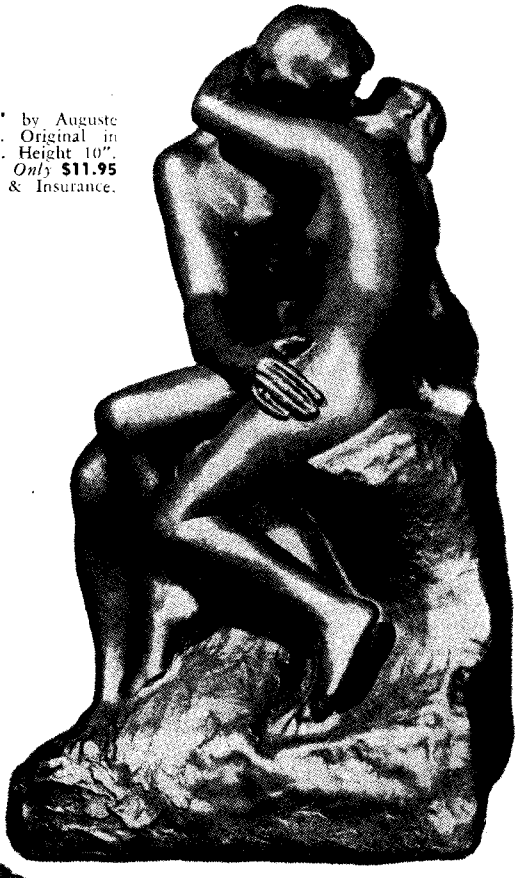

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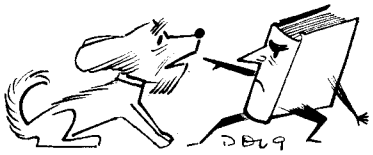
TRADE Winds

OVER AT SCRIBNER'S they tell me that someone recently ordered a copy of the newly published and very helpful book, "Dog Obedience Training," by Milo Pearsall and Charles G. Leedham, and that the purchaser's



canine destroyed the book by chewing it fairly to pieces. The owner was forced to buy another copy of the book. The section that deals with the animal chewing on illegal items is on page 43 of the book, and I have a feeling that maybe the owner, once more, won't get to this page in time to preserve his second copy of this important volume ($4.95). Therefore, I shall report here what advice is given. Pearsall and Leedham say:

"Try to make a correction with the item chewed on. Give him a whack with it under the jaw."

Now the chances are that the creature won't know the title of the book which whacks him under the jaw, and presumably anything published in hard covers by Scribner's will do.

I couldn't find a word in the book on how to prevent the dogs of neighbors from barking steadily and loudly out in their front yards at about 6 o'clock in the morning—or any time of the night, for that matter. All we have is the assurance that when the dogs are barking on our street there are no burglars about. On the few occasions when we have had crime, apparently man's best friends were as quiet as mice. As a matter of fact, I have come to a conclusion which seems to have completely escaped the owners of watch dogs: the hounds bark when the coast is clear! Just think, tonight millions of loyal dogs are barking and barking to warn their loved ones that everything is all right.

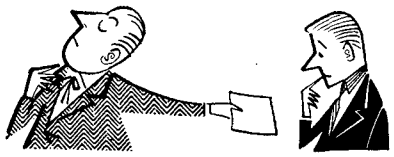
THOSE FELLOWS AT The Orion Press have just come along with another beautiful book. This is a collection, "Fairy Tales of Hans Christian Andersen," done in the usual fine style which we've come to expect of Orion. But those geniuses have done something special: they've used paintings by children to illustrate the stories. The paintings were taken from entries in a contest held in Copenhagen, and the work of children from eighteen nations can be seen in full color in this book.

The young artists are from the ages of four to fifteen, two of them from the United States and the rest from almost everywhere else—Norway and Morocco, Sweden and Japan, Turkey, Guatemala, and many other places. I don't think I've seen anything as touching as these twenty-five paintings. They let you see through the children's eyes, in a way, and you find that to kids the world is always bright reds, greens, blues, yellows. Faces are smiling, princesses are lovely, bugs look happy. Even the sad tales, like "The Little Match Girl," have a bright and wonderful meaning to them, judging from the way the children saw them.

Strangely, the names of the artists have been lost. Presumably they are back in school in Egypt, Chile, and elsewhere, and won't ever know that we are admiring their work. I hope their parents are reading them Andersen's fairy tales.

YOU'VE HEARD OF the Zimmermann Telegram, the Ems Dispatch, the Algeciras Incident, and other communications that almost caused wars or upset cabinets. Now in Connecticut they have what they are calling the Morano Night Letter. This is a message that Representative Albert P. Morano sent to his young Democratic opponent during the recent campaign. It said:

"You have repeatedly challanged me to a Lincoln-Douglas type debate. I do not consider myself a Lincoln certainly you would agree with me



that you do not measure up to a Douglas. Because you are apparantly a nice young man of tremendous inexperience who wouldn't know a national issue if you fell over one and for other reasons I would waste valuable time in a debate with you. However phone the Democratic National Committee and ask the chairman to send a four-term knowledgeable Congressman, a Southern Democrat or a Northern Democrat and I will debate

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him. . . . You can sit in the audience and I believe learn something about the issues and national legislative affairs."

Donald J. Irwin, running against the four-term Morano, himself printed and distributed thousands of copies of the Morano Night Letter. For the first time in eighteen years the district elected a Democrat, proving that even an experienced four-termer can put his foot in his mouth.

HOMER CROY'S latest book is "Trigger Marshall" (Duell). He's written twenty-six books, but he says only three are any good: "West of the Water Tower," "Boone Stop," and "Country Cured."

Croy has delivered so many manuscripts to publishers that he has a formula for it. If they call you up and ask you to lunch, you know they like it. If after a lapse of time, they telephone and say, "When can you come down and talk about it?" then you know you're in trouble.

That happened on his previous book, "The Lady from Colorado," which he had first written as a factual account of Lady Moon, the Irish immigrant washerwoman who saved the life of a British remittance man; they married and then he inherited estate and title.

"They called and asked me, 'When can you come down and talk about it?' It was a gloomy session," Croy recalls. "I worked some more on it and sent it down to them again. 'When can you come down and talk about it?' they asked again. Then they told me the Fall list was full. When they say that you know darn well they don't like the book. So I took the second version under my arm and went home by subway. Were they glad to get rid of me! But I rewrote it as a novel, threw the manuscript on the publisher's table and

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1286)

ANNE COE MITCHELL:

COMMUNION

(From "The Mark of the Tide"; November 11, 1918-1958)

There was a time you walked this world beside me,
Who walk the vault of spaceless void today;
And yet, at times, I feel you close beside me
And almost catch the distant words you say. . . .

Yet, for a merging moment, Time arrested
Was here for me as Time must be for you.

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This fact is receiving increasing recognition by the commissions which regulate telephone rates and earnings. But it is not something that concerns the commissions alone. It needs your understanding, too.

Regulation can only work best in the interest of all when it is free to act in the interest of all on the basis of economic facts.

Authorizing good earnings for the telephone company requires wisdom and foresight and sometimes a high degree of political courage. Such action, however, in the long run will return the greatest value to the public.

Fortunately, from the standpoint of the individual telephone user, our increased rate needs, where required, are small. They usually come to not more than a few cents a day on the average customer's bill.

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got out. In a few days the man called and asked, 'When can you come down to lunch?' Now there's hardly a day when Charlie Duell doesn't ask me to lunch."

I'M SURE WHEN you read "Mine Enemy Grows Older" (Simon and Schuster) that you'll have the same reaction I did: that there is no such person as Alexander King; if there is, he made all this up.

But I met Mr. King, and he is real, and the stories he wrote must be real, for he has even better ones which he tells one after another without stopping. I am gratified to discover that he is now finishing up a second autobiographical book, which will contain nothing that is in the first, and presumably nothing that will be in the third. King is an artist and former dope addict and grandfather and heavens knows what else. In "Mine Enemy" he has told in his bold, gay, and yet sad way some of the things that happened to him when he came up against ad agencies, editors, Clare Booth Luce, dope pushers, the hospital in Lexington, and so on.

"I was afraid I was going to die," King explained to me. "A whole mythology of baloney has grown up around my name, and the truth is not only more amusing but more scandalous than the myth."

So he sat down and wrote the book, for his grandchildren.

"There isn't an unchivalrous line in my book," he said. "I haven't exposed anyone. I could have told some hideous things about my old friends, but I didn't. I seem outspoken in the book because we're living in a very mealy-mouthed time of fiendish eclecticism, timidity, and imitativeness. What disturbs me most is the mass appreciation of the arts. Now everybody paints, or gets up early and writes a novel which is bought by the movies. We are firmly convinced in this country that talent is a matter of resolve, but that isn't true. Talent is a mystery which settles on the most unlikely people. Americans have a disease which has led them to believe that all they need is their father's money and their mother's charm."

As it says on the jacket of his book, "he speaks freely."

IDDZIES AND ODDZIES: ▶ It must be quite obvious to everybody now that anyone who leaves a bomb on a boat or airplane or inside a building of some sort is not going to telephone and announce it. So far, every such tip has been a fake, and every real bomb has been a surprise. Can't our brainy law enforcement people figure that out?

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

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Saturday Review
NOVEMBER 22, 1958

DIALOGUE WITH THE *AUDIENCE*

By JOHN CIARDI

"I'M NOT exactly illiterate," says the Citizen. "I'm a pretty fair historian. I can read Freud—at least some of him—without being entirely in the dark. But I get nowhere with this modern poetry. I've given up trying."

The Poet has heard it all before, but the Citizen obviously wants to talk about it. The Poet, as a matter of fact, rather likes the Citizen. Maybe, the Poet thinks, if I can peg the talk to something specific it won't just ramble on aimlessly and forever. Aloud he says: "Just for the fun of it—who is the last particular poet you gave up on?"

"It was Wallace Stevens," says the Citizen. "I read your review of the 'Collected Poems' and I shelled out $7.50 for it on your say-so." He reaches up to a shelf and hauls down the book. "Here it is," he says, tossing it on the table, "a big fat collection of unintelligibility."

"Sorry," says the Poet, "no refunds, if that's what you're getting at. But do me a favor: show me a specific poem that you take to be unintelligible."

The Citizen stares. "Do you mean to say you understand every poem in this book?"

The Poet shakes his head. "Far from it. I don't even understand White House news releases. But I like Stevens better."

"Without knowing what it is you like?"

"Let's keep the talk as specific as we can. I've asked you to cite a poem: turn around is fair play—find a poem called 'Asides on the Oboe.' Here, take this passage:

> The obsolete fiction of the wide river in
> An empty land; the Gods that Boucher killed;
> And the metal heroes that time granulates—
> The philosophers' man alone still walks in dew,
> Still by the sea-side mutters milky lines
> Concerning an immaculate imagery.
> If you say on the hautboy man is not enough,
> Can never stand as god, is ever wrong
> In the end, however naked, tall, there is still
> The impossible possible philosophers' man,
> The man who has had the time to think enough,
> The central man, the human globe, responsive
> As a mirror with a voice, the man of glass,
> Who in a million diamonds sums us up.

"Let me get it straight," says the Citizen. "Is this an example of a passage you do understand, or of one you don't?"

"As a matter of fact, it's an example of both," says the Poet. "Suppose I were to say I found it elusive, yet clear—would that make any sense? I can't unravel it detail by detail. I encounter areas of obscurity in it. Yet the total force of the passage is both unmistakable and moving, and just beyond every momentary obscurity I keep emerging into areas of immediate clarity."

"No, in a word. It makes no sense to me."

"Well, what do you mean by sense? Stevens does not write for factual-information sense. Why should he? He picks up a theme and orchestrates it. His "sense" is a structure. The reader must keep that total structure in mind in order to grasp Stevens's kind of sense. He does not, moreover, "mean" any one thing, but rather all the possibilities of all the relationships he is orchestrating."

"Clear as Navy coffee," says the Citizen. "Am I supposed to swallow it?"

"You do in music," says the Poet, glancing at the Citizen's collection of recordings, "why not in poetry?"

"Because, among other things, words have meanings."

"They have," says the Poet, "but far more meanings that anyone thinks about in reading factual prose. A word is not a meaning but a complex of meanings consisting of all its possibilities: its ability to identify something, the image it releases in making that identification, its sound, its history, its association-in-context with the other words of the passage. Good poets use *more* of the word than most readers are used too."

"Yes," says the Citizen, who is proud of being a fair-minded person, "I suppose that *is* true."

"But not only is the individual word a complex. It is used in a phrase that is itself a complex of complexes. And the phrase is in turn used in the complex of the total poem's structure."

"So a poem is a complex of complexes of complexes," says the Citizen, half-indignant now. "I'm beginning to get a complex myself."

"No," says the Poet, "that's a complex you've always had. You are used to words basically as denotations in statements intended or purporting to intend to convey facts. You have

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the 'practicality complex' and your basic symptom is 'why doesn't he say it straight'?"

"Well, why doesn't he?"

"As a matter of fact he does at times—even in your terms. Take the line, 'The man who has had the time to think enough.' How much 'straighter' could he make the praise of that line?"

"I can agree there," says the Citizen. "But what about 'milky lines'? Why does he have to say it on 'the hautboy'? And what's all that about a mirror with a voice?"

"One at a time," says the Poet. "The 'milky lines' is one of those details I remain unsure of. I suspect that Stevens was thinking of the sea as a kind of mother-of-life and that he used 'milky' in that connection. If my guess is right that makes 'milky lines' mean something like 'lines fed by the essential life fluid of all-mothering nature.' But that is only a guess and I have no way of verifying it. In fact, some of what follows in the poem—not in this passage—troubles my guess. That is one of the obscurities I feel in the passage. One I feel and *welcome*, may I say.

"The hautboy, on the other hand, is a straightforward Stevens signature, a part of his personal idiom, like his blue-guitar. The hautboy is the kind of detail that reveals itself immediately as you get to know more about the way the poet writes. For the time being I can only suggest that you take the hautboy to be one of the instruments of art. On that instrument of artifice, Stevens must make the 'fiction' (always a special term in his writing) that can replace the 'obsolete fiction' of the gods. In Stevens, the rituals of art constantly take the place of the rituals of religion—themselves richly obscure.

"As for the 'mirror with a voice,'—there I have to charge you with petulant mis-reading. Stevens has established the context of his statement clearly enough for any willing reader, and it is no reading at all to ignore the context. What he is saying is roughly 'that it is *as if* the responsive man were a mirror with a voice reflecting all of us in a heightened way, *as if* summing us up in the million-diamond-reflection of his artifice.' I am satisfied that the gist of it is about that, though I confess I am uncertain about it later when the poem becomes unmistakably Leibnizian. At that later point, I conclude I don't know Leibniz well enough to guess out Stevens's sense of him. I am left puzzled. But I am also left considerably richer. Certainly, I should be willing to read a much longer and much more obscure poem than this if only to meet that man 'who has had the time to think enough.' I want him in my mind."

"Yes," says the Citizen, "I can go along with some of that. Even with most of it. But why must he be so elusive about it?"

The Poet smiles. "We're back to the business of 'saying it straight' again. I suggest, first, that the thought itself is elusive. And, second, that it's a kind of thinking you're not used to, partly because you have not read enough Stevens to catch the flavor of his thinking, and partly because you're not really a reader of poetry and never have been."

The Citizen draws himself up. "Now I don't know about that," he says. "I took quite a lot of English courses in school and . . ."

"And you haven't read as many as three books of new poems a year since then."

"Well," says the Citizen slowly. "I guess you have me there. Maybe if I were a more practised reader I'd see more. But isn't some of it the poets' fault? Why do they make it so hard for a man to read them? I'm no genius, but I'm reasonably intelligent."

"And rational," suggests the Poet.

"Certainly. What's wrong with rationality?"

"Ask yourself that question as you read through an issue of the *Reader's Digest* sometime," says the Poet. "Or let me ask you how rationally you got married? Or by what sequence of syllogisms you begot your children? Or what Certified Public Accountant writes the scripts of your dream-life?"

The Poet is talking fast now, warming to his most fundamental sermon. "We all contain elements of rationality, but we're all much more than those elements. A poet thinks with his senses, his nerve endings, his whole body. He hooks at his thought physically, and he hooks from many directions at once. He *feels* what he thinks, and he feels it most in the act of making a poetic structure of it. Just as a composer feels himself into his musical structure. There is no auditing of rationalities in that process; there is, rather, the accomplishment into form of some part of a whole life."

The Citizen is being fair-minded again. "I can't grasp entirely your way of putting things," he says after a while, "but I can get a glimpse of what I think you're saying—especially when I try to feel it in terms of what a composer does inside his music." He rubs his jaw. "I don't know. There are too many ideas in it that are new to me. I suppose if you say so . . ."

"The last time you started supposing on my say-so it cost you $7.50," says the Poet. "Suppose me nothing on my say-so: I refuse to be trusted by any man who can trust himself, and I doubly refuse to be trusted by a man who can't trust himself. Make up your own mind on the basis of what makes sense in itself."

"That's just the trouble," says the Citizen. "You make it sound sensible enough, but then I turn to a poem and I just can't get my hooks into it."

"That's just what I started to ask you in the beginning. There's the book: give me a for-instance."

"I remember one queer thing called 'Bantam in Pine Woods'," says the Citizen, thumbing the pages. I swear I spent a day trying to make sense of the first two lines. Here they are."

Chieftain Iffucan of Azcan in caftan
Of tan with henna hackles, halt!

"What's the problem?" says the Poet.

"No problem," says the Citizen. "Just gibberish. What the devil is all this henna-hackled Iffucan of Azcan trashcan stuff?"

"Ah!" says the Poet, "I see. To tell you the truth I hadn't ever thought of those lines as a difficulty: they're having such fun with themselves—all those lovely exaggerated sound-sequences and that big spoofing tone."

"Is all that—whatever it is—enough excuse for writing nonsense-syllables?"

"Ask Lewis Carroll," says the Poet. "But the fact is they're not nonsense syllables. Note the title. A bantam

may certainly be taken as a pretentious and pompous bird strutting around in his half-pint ego as if he owned the world, and refusing to be dwarfed even by pine woods . . ."

"I'm still lost in the Azcan ash-

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can. And at this point I've had enough of your symbol-threading."

"But the Azcan business is a fact from the world," says the Poet. "Have you ever looked into a pedigree book? I assume this to be a pure-bred bantam and that he is registered as Chieftain Iffucan of Azcan. Stevens begins by reporting the fact, obviously relishing its pretentiousness. 'Caftan' is his first 'poetic' addition. But note this: a caftan is a garment that hangs down just about the way the leg-feathers of a bantam do. The detail is physically right. And the sound of the word itself is exactly right for the sound-sequence Stevens builds. That's always a sign of the poet—the ability to do more than one thing at once and to have his choices come out equally right on all levels."

The Citizen sits thoughtfully, turning it over in his mind. The Poet, watching the Citizen, once more has the impression of a painful fair-mindedness at work. Somehow that sense depresses him. He has a vision of the Citizen forever laboring to be open-minded and forever lost to the real life of the poem.

"I have to conclude that you're right," says the Citizen. "But I also know I could never have seen it that way. And I still don't understand the poem."

"Nor do I, completely," confesses the Poet. "But what of it? I don't understand 'Kubla Khan,' nor 'Tiger, Tiger.' Not in detail. But I can certainly experience them as poems. I can, to put it metaphorically, identify their emotional frequencies and the areas into which they transmit."

The Citizen is not satisfied. "I'm still thinking of this Iffucan of Azcan business. There I bogged down on a detail I did not recognize. And perhaps I'll never be any better at identifying odd details. But what about the poem that comes right after it? This one—'Anecdote of a Jar.' Now there is a poem I spent a lot of time

on and although I understand every word and every sentence, I'm blessed if I know what Stevens is talking about." He reads it over:

I placed a jar in Tennessee,
And round it was upon a hill.
It made the slovenly wilderness
Surround that hill.

The wilderness rose up to it,
And sprawled around, no longer wild.
The jar was round upon the ground
And tall and of a port in air.

It took dominion everywhere.
The jar was gray and bare.
It did not give of bird or bush,
Like nothing else in Tennessee.

The Citizen finishes reading and looks up. "I was bothered at first by 'Port'," he says, "but I checked the word in the dictionary and I think I see what he's doing with it. But how am I supposed to understand 'It made the slovenly wilderness surround that hill'? How can a jar make a wilderness surround a hill? The wilderness was already surrounding the hill, and long before Stevens and his jar came along."

"In a sense, yes," says the Poet, "but only in the most usual prose-sense. Poetry constantly makes over that usual sense of things. The jar is a made-form; as such it stands for all artifice. The wilderness is nature as-it-happens, the opposite of made-form. But to 'surround' is 'to take position around a center.' And what is formless has no center. It is human artifice, the assertion of human artifice, that puts a center to the wilderness. Because the wilderness is formless it still 'sprawls' but now it sprawls 'up to' the jar. It approaches form, that is, and therefore it 'is no longer wild'."

"Wait a minute," says the Citizen, "aren't you the one who is doing the paraphrasing now?"

"Yes, surely. I have no quarrel with paraphrase: only with paraphrase as a substitute for the poem. I am not trying to say 'this is what the poem comes to.' Far from it. I am trying to point out the symbolic areas in which the poem moves. The two poles of Stevens's thought seem clearly enough to be 'artifice' and 'formless nature.' Why shouldn't those poles be identified? But the poles are not the poem. The poem is much better seen as those poles plus the force-field they create."

"That does it!" says the Citizen and slams the book shut, "symbolic areas, force-fields, artifice versus formless-nature—what is all this jargon? Didn't you write once that a

poem is an emotion or nothing?"

"I certainly did."

"Then tell me how on earth I am supposed to get an emotion from this sort of haywire theorizing?"

THE Poet smiles sadly. "I'm about ready to grant you that all criticism is in fact haywire, but would you grant me that criticism is not the poem? At that, one can still rig a weathervane out of haywire, and that vane can point to the weather. The poem is not the vane, nor is it the haywire from which the vane is improvised: the poem is the weather that is pointed-to.

"Stevens, as it happens, had very strong feelings about form versus the formless. Those feelings crowd all his poems. They are fundamental to his very sense of reality. His emotions, to be sure, are intellectual things. If you refuse to think a sense of esthetic-reality as opposed to some other more common ideas of reality is worth an emotion, you are breaking no law, but Stevens is obviously not for you. And that, I find myself thinking, is your loss rather than his."

"Maybe so," says the Citizen, but now he is sitting up as if squared for battle. "I'll even say he is obviously not for me. Who *is* he for? I'm the one who brought up Stevens, and I'll grant he may be a special case. But Stevens is not the only one who is obviously not for me. Who *are* you modern poets for? Is there no such thing as an audience?"

This charge, too, is a familiar one to the Poet. "You've fired a lot of questions," he says, "and a full answer would call for a long sermon. Let me try the short form.

"What is the idea of 'the audience'? Is it enough to argue 'I have bought this book of poems and therefore have certain audience-rights'? I think, first, one must distinguish between two ideas of 'the audience.'

"One idea may be called the hori-

(*Continued on page* 42)

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What Is an Idea?

By MORTIMER J. ADLER

WHAT *is* an idea?

Ideas are my business. I've been at it forty years now, and I have not yet found a new idea. But the old ones—and I am just getting started on some of them—have kept me going. And in all this time I have come to some conclusions and, I believe, a clearer notion not only of what an idea is but of what it is not.

It is not just a word, nor is it a string of words. Words are performing their highest function when they express ideas, but they do not constitute the ideas they express. This is clearly shown by the fact that different persons all using the same word may not have the same comprehension of the idea which that word expresses.

Consider the word "love." It has many meanings which we recognize as soon as we consider the difference between romantic love and conjugal love, the difference between love of country and love of God, or the difference between the love that parents readily bestow upon their children and the love that children slowly develop for their parents. All these meanings of the word—all these kinds of love—have something in common. All are related aspects of a single, very large idea—the idea of love. But as most people employ the word in ordinary speech, they have only a small part of this idea in mind; and when young people use it, they seldom have in mind the same part that older people have. Few who use the word ever have the whole idea in mind, for it takes a lifetime of experience and thought to comprehend it fully.

An idea is not a fact of any kind, nor a collection of facts, no matter how massive or recondite. The telephone book is full of facts, but it doesn't contain a single idea. A history book is full of facts, none of which is an idea, though if the writer is given to philosophizing about history he may illuminate the facts with some basic idea, such as the idea of progress, the idea of chance, or the idea of fate. Suppose we are dealing with the idea of "progress," in itself abstract and general. To grasp it, we consider one example after another, each a concrete or particular instance of the essential idea. We look at the changes that have been made in transportation to increase comfort and speed. We call attention to the advances that have been made in the conquest of disease. We may even point to improvements in certain social or political institutions, such as the treatment of criminals or the protection of human rights. But none of these things is the idea of progress, though each may exemplify it. Moreover, if we did not have some idea of progress in the first place, we would not have chosen these examples to illustrate what we have in mind and to hold that idea before us.

Ideas influence our actions no less than feelings, desires, emotions, and purposes do, but not in the same way. Our particular passions or desires determine the attitudes we take and move us to the things we do. But if we ever recognize the discrepancy between what we do and what we ought to do, we are moved by ideas, not passions. Particular loves and hates may lead us to befriend certain minority groups and persecute others. But if we ever question such discrimination—our own or someone else's—we do so in virtue of ideas about love and man (especially insights about the fraternity and equality of men) that move us to judge our attitudes, and even perhaps to overcome our prejudices.

Some of the positive attributes of an idea have already been indicated by the difference between ideas and words, facts, examples, and emotions or desires. An idea alters and grows. Having a life, it can have a history—a past, present, and future. Each of the great ideas is a complex and organic whole, a dissectible structure of related parts. It has an interior, and in this sense it is like a domain which can be probed, pried into, explored, approached from many angles, taken apart in many ways.

Ideas may look alike from the outside, but the more we look into them the more we find that each is a world of its own, with its own special history and its own special structure. Yet each also belongs to a vaster world or universe of thought in which ideas group themselves as so many constellations or galaxies. In themselves and in relation to one another they comprise the configurations of the human mind, as intricate and varied in their criss-crossing patterns as the starry heavens. And like each individual star, every idea is a source

(*Continued on page* 40)

THE 102 IDEAS

Angel
Animal
Aristocracy
Art
Astronomy
Beauty
Being
Cause
Chance
Change
Citizen
Constitution
Courage
Custom and Convention
Definition
Democracy
Desire
Dialectic
Duty
Education
Element
Emotion
Eternity
Evolution
Experience
Family
Fate
Form
God
Good and Evil
Government
Habit
Happiness
History
Honor
Hypothesis
Idea
Immortality
Induction
Infinity
Judgment
Justice
Knowledge
Labor
Language
Law
Liberty
Life and Death
Logic
Love
Man
Mathematics
Matter
Mechanics
Medicine
Memory and Imagination
Metaphysics
Mind
Monarchy
Nature
Necessity and Contingency
Oligarchy
One and Many
Opinion
Opposition
Philosophy
Physics
Pleasure and Pain
Poetry
Principle
Progress
Prophecy
Prudence
Punishment
Quality
Quantity
Reasoning
Relation
Religion
Revolution
Rhetoric
Same and Other
Science
Sense
Sign and Symbol
Sin
Slavery
Soul
Space
State
Temperance
Theology
Time
Truth
Tyranny
Universal and Particular
Virtue and Vice
War and Peace
Wealth
Will
Wisdom
World

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LITERARY HORIZONS

The Intransigent E. E. Cummings

By Granville Hicks

HENRY DAVID THOREAU, who was born in Concord, Massachusetts, in 1817, seventy-seven years before Edward Estlin Cummings was born in nearby Cambridge, is a larger example of the kind of problem Cummings has been for our time. Not only in the two and a half years he spent at Walden Pond but in all the years of his life, Thoreau set himself against the American current, and although he has been emulated by few, he has been respected by many. We don't want to live the way he did, and we know that everyone can't live that way, but we are glad that someone did, someone fully aware and fully articulate. Thoreau was wrong as well as right, but his rightness was of a rare and precious sort.

Cummings does not define his rebellion in the terms Thoreau used, but the spirit is the same. On the last page of **"The Magic-Maker E. E. Cummings"** (Macmillan, $8) Charles Norman quotes from a letter Cummings wrote in 1955 to a high school editor in reply to a request for advice to young people who want to write poetry: "To be nobody-but-yourself—in a world which is doing its best, night and day, to make you everybody else—means to fight the hardest battle which any human being can fight, and never stop fighting." The letter continues: "As for expressing nobody-but-yourself in words, that means working just a little harder than anybody who isn't a poet can possibly imagine. Why? Because nothing is quite as easy as using words like somebody else. We all of us do exactly this nearly all of the time—and whenever we do it, we're not poets."

Charles Norman's biography of Cummings is a record of a man's struggle to be nobody-but-himself. What the book most valuably does is to show the congruity between the life and the work. The work, to be sure, is what counts, but with Cummings, more than with most poets, the line between the man and his poetry is hard to draw. Because Norman's book gets the feel of the man, whoever reads it will become a better reader of the poetry.

Himself a poet, Norman has known and admired Cummings for many years, and in the writing of the book he has had the assistance of Cummings, which is not easily come by, and of his wife and his sister. He has, moreover, been a diligent researcher, tracking down obscure documents and interviewing persons who knew Cummings at various stages of his career. He has done his work carefully and well.

That is not to say, however, that "The Magic-Maker" is a model biography. Sometimes we get too much of a good thing: for instance, in the account of the publication of "Eight Harvard Poets," in the detailing of the events that led to Cummings's arrest in France in 1917 and the events that led to his release, in the description of the production of "Him," and in the reprinting of reviews that might better have been summarized or ignored altogether. It is, furthermore, a partisan biography, belligerent when confronted by hostile criticism, solemnly reverential in its own dealings with the poetry.

But what matters is that the man is there—in his poetry and prose, generously quoted, in his paintings and sketches, in letters, in conversations, in anecdotes told about him—and always all of a piece. We see him ever as an individual, liking and respecting other individuals, but hating the masses as masses, hating governments, hating war, hating propaganda (ours or anybody else's), hating machinery, hating science. Willing to settle for nothing less than perfection, he is a great hater, although he is also a great lover, perhaps the most ardent or at any rate the most convincing poet of love in our day. Whom and what he loves he loves deeply, but for him the existence of love demands the expression of anger, contempt, disgust for what is unworthy of love. That is what he is and what he has been since coming of age, though practice has refined him in the art of being nobody-but-himself.

For the expression of nobody-but-himself, he has naturally developed his own style. He has fragmented the language, ridiculing the rules of the grammarians, playing games with punctuation, doing tricks with typography, exploding words. He is always the poet of paradox, of surprise, reveling in non sequiturs and bizarre juxtapositions. Knowing our capacity for not thinking and not feeling, our laziness, our habits of inattention, he shocks us into awareness. The only laws he never breaks are those imposed by his own nature.

Inevitably such a poet has been the subject of attack. In the Twenties he was condemned as wilful and affected, as a man whose antic performances were intended to gain him publicity and conceal his lack of true poetic talent. The Thirties repeated the charges, adding angrily that he was immorally antisocial. Both the poet and his biographer blame his eclipse in the Thirties on the Communists and their fellow-travelers. Certainly the Communists didn't like him and, to his credit, had good reason not to, but they were not the only ones who found him irrelevant in the years of the depression. When a society appears to be crumbling, many people are impatient with a man who puts his thumb to his nose and shouts, "Goody, goody!"

Time has given Cummings his revenge, for on many of the issues at stake between him and his enemies he has proved to be right and they wrong. As for his style, time has done the work that it always does for true innovators in any of the arts. A great poet not only creates his poetry; he creates the sensibility by which it is to be appreciated and the standards by which it is to be judged. The process goes on slowly, but an hour comes, as it has come for Cummings, when an audience exists that sees as utterly right the style that once seemed so eccentric and difficult.

Yet the Thirties were not altogether in error in their judgment of Cummings. If many of us then made too little of the individual in our concern for the social system, he then, as now, refused to admit that society's problems have to be coped with one way or another. Nevertheless, a half-truth really lived is more important than any set of conventional notions accepted out of laziness and timidity. Cummings's fraction of truth is his, his by right of his understanding of his own nature, his by right of the way he lives, his by right of his mastery of the art of expressing nothing-but-himself. He has made poetry out of it, and he has found the making of poetry "the most wonderful life on earth." His mistakes, like Thoreau's, can be easily pointed out, but when the argument is over, there he still is, challenging us and *our* half-truths with his courage, his laughter, and his vision of beauty.

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Empire of the Mind and Heart

"Friend to Friend," by Pearl S. Buck and Carlos P. Romulo *(John Day. 126 pp. $2.50), is a candid examination of the cankers in U.S.-Afro-Asian relations. Like the co-authors of the book, our reviewer, Huston Smith, a professor of philosophy at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has divided his life almost equally between the U. S. and the Far East. He is the author of "The Religions of Man."*

By Huston Smith

TOWARD the close of this book Pearl Buck quotes an Asian as reminding her that "the criticisms of enemies need not be regarded, but faithful are the wounds of a friend." The civil but open criticism that pervades this entire attempt by an Oriental and an American to explore the troubled psychological relations between the United States and the Afro-Asian world makes of its brief pages two deep, reciprocally-inflicted, faithful wounds.

Carlos Romulo, Philippine Ambassador to the United States, opens the discussion. His thesis is not unexpected. America's relations with the Afro-Asian nations are of decisive importance. Consequently it is imperative not only that Americans shed all feelings of superiority over these peoples and inclinations to dominate them, but also that they remedy their "underdeveloped" understanding of the East. Understanding does not require agreement, but it does require knowledge of what makes other peoples tick (the author's colloquialism).

Specifically, with respect to Asians and Africans it requires awareness of the psychological scars left by generations of Western colonialism and the mental set of peoples flexing their muscles for the first time in modern history. It demands an appreciation of "the grinding power of poverty, which has new meaning every mealtime to angry human beings who care little for ideological disputes when their stomachs are empty; and the heritage of pride and resentment, the curious mixture of self-reliance and inferiority complex, the dreams of glory and the days of disappointment, the ambition and the fatalism, all of which are combined in the Asian and African world."

All this is true, so true that to many readers it is likely to sound obvious. I disagree. What Ambassador Romulo says along these lines we still very much need to hear.

A few points which relate to the complexity of the problems considered in Ambassador Romulo's half of "Friend to Friend" are:

1. Mr. Romulo's message adds up to a plea for understanding. I have just affirmed that this is desperately needed. But what else? When psychologists got to the point of reducing virtually everything in child care to love, a Bettelheim was needed to write "Love Is Not Enough." A parallel volume is now needed in international relations titled "Understanding Is Not Enough." Did our own Civil War spring essentially from misunderstandings between North and South?

Or suppose we were to understand Communism perfectly, would this resolve our conflict with it? Mr. Romulo is excellent on understanding, but on what is needed in addition he is cursory. Equality and respect seem to be his only other general recommendations; but would observance of these settle the problems of power politics? Our respect for the Russians has risen astronomically, but this does not seem to have quieted our difficulties with them.

2. One of Mr. Romulo's brief chapters deals with myths he thinks are clouding America's understanding of the world situation. One of these—the notion that the American way is the only way to freedom—is most pertinent. But for the rest it is not a perceptive list. Some beliefs—*e.g.*, that absolute weapons are so terrible that we ought not to fight to defend our freedom, or that the United States and the Soviet Union will be socially indistinguishable before long—are not sufficiently widespread to be classed as important American myths. With others his analysis is too summary to show that they are myths instead of truths.

3. In providing aid Mr. Romulo thinks the United States should not require "that the recipient country should conform to certain concepts and practices that may be valued in America but are irrelevant to the recipient country's institutions." Granted. But the inclusion of the word "irrelevant" suggests that there may be some conditions the United States should require. What are they? Capitalism? Democracy? Free institutions? Honest administration? Benefit to the masses? Feasible plans for national economic progress? Can a nation insist on *any* conditions without opening itself to charges of interference and domination?

4. Mr. Romulo thinks it is desperately important for the United States to take the initiative in making peace. "The peoples of the world must be

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● *It has been our mistake to insist that nationalist movements in Asia and elsewhere have been Communist-inspired. If the Philippines had not received their independence in 1946 the nationalists there, too, would undoubtedly have declared themselves for independence and would have been willing to fight for it. As undoubtedly we would have labeled their inevitable rebellion "Communist-inspired." At the same time, it is quite true that Communists would have exploited the movement. Seeing our ambivalence in the matter of colonialism, the Asians are now saying, "What the United States does with one hand she erases with the other." The present consequence of ambivalence is a distorted picture of Americans in the minds of Asian peoples which as yet we are doing nothing to correct.*

Nor have our representatives, generally speaking, been of much help in presenting the truth. It is well for us to know that Asians resent what they call the arrogance of Americans as they see and hear us abroad. That it is the arrogance of youth does not make them feel more kindly toward us. —PEARL BUCK IN "FRIEND TO FRIEND."

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Indonesian *ducan* or witch-doctor.

shown that America really wants peace and to do that she must not content herself by replying to Bulganin's or Khrushchev's letters." But how Mr. Romulo can pass in five sentences from this statement to praising "the inflexibility . . . and uncompromising . . . position of Secretary of State John Foster Dulles in dealing with the Kremlin [as] a tower of strength of the free world" I cannot understand. I thought it was this posture more than anything else that is making Asians and Africans wonder if the United States is actually the world's leader with respect to peace.

PEARL BUCK's half of the book is more penetrating. One of the real blessings of genuine friendship is the conditions it provides for self-understanding. In this sense Mr. Romulo's contribution serves its purpose admirably, for it prompts Mrs. Buck to one of the most insightful brief probings of the American temper I have seen. It is here, in asking *why* we appear as we do to the rest of the world, that "Friend to Friend" actually advances the East-West dialogue. Where Mr. Romulo says things more Americans need to hear, Mrs. Buck says some new things. What things, specifically, may appropriately be left for the reader to discover from the book itself. Here I will only say that they add up to a strong justification of America—a bit too strong, I am inclined to think. But this flaw, if it be such, is outweighed by two virtues: the freshness of Mrs. Buck's observations which I have just mentioned, and their healthy antidote to the excessive self-condemnation into which many Americans, this reviewer included, tend periodically to slip.

Mr. Romulo thinks that if America were ever to found an empire it would have to be "an empire of the mind and heart." Regardless of who founds it, this book looks toward such an empire.

Subsurface Shocks

"Rice Roots: An American in Asia," by Arthur Goodfriend *(Simon & Schuster. 209 pp. $3.95), is the account of an aptly named American family's year in central Java. Delia W. Kuhn, our reviewer, is a former official of the U.S. Point Four Program.*

By Delia W. Kuhn

"LIVE at the rice roots, among the farmers and workers. Mingle with the youth. Learn how they think and act. Know their problems and fears. See American policies and actions from their viewpoint." With this mandate and a Rockefeller grant, Arthur Goodfriend, his wife, and two children went to live in Indonesia for a year.

Mr. Goodfriend had made four previous trips to Asia, as a soldier, businessman and government official.

> But [he admits] I didn't know the Asian people. . . . I had never risen with them before daybreak and followed them through an Asian day. . . . I had never sat by their fires, partaking of their rice and talk. . . . I knew little of what lay beneath Asia's surface, down deep at the rice roots. I wanted to find out.

The Goodfriends put intelligence, human sympathy, and eager curiosity into finding out. They settled in a city in central Java. The children went to public school. The family made friends with its neighbors. Mr. Goodfriend hired an interpreter and a photographer. With them, he visited farms and studied village cooperatives. Mrs. Goodfriend cultivated high-school boys and girls. When she fell ill and European-trained doctors failed to cure her, she summoned a local witch doctor: "the test of personal acceptance of an Asian value," her husband called it. Mr. Goodfriend traveled to Sumatra with a group of pioneers to see Indonesia's resettlement program in action. At the nearby American oil refinery he talked with labor union leaders.

Out of the author's search for understanding came many discoveries and some shocks. Among the discoveries: the Indonesian is proud, sensitive, independent-minded, and politically aware. The most painful shock: the Indonesian image of America. It is concocted, Mr. Goodfriend found, out of third-rate movies, sexy paperbacks, and ancient prejudices against the white man, seasoned with Communist propaganda. Americans are warmongers: they are dollar mad; they are ridden with crime; they have contempt for colored people.

Mr. Goodfriend's dismay at this image, and our failure somehow to correct it, pervades his book. It becomes almost an obsession. One feels that his passion to be understood—as an American—is at least as strong as his passion to understand: as though mutual understanding were the unfailing key to friendship and peace among peoples.

"Rice Roots" is written at a level of understanding somewhere between journalism and scholarship. The author claims no scholarly qualifications; indeed, he disclaims them. But he did undertake to dig "down deep" into Asian motives and impulses. How deeply could a Westerner, without the equipment of language or special knowledge, probe into an Asian culture? Doesn't a mission to understand Asian problems, fears, and viewpoints require much more than a good head and a warm heart? In his final chapter, Mr. Goodfriend himself answers this question with a firm "Yes." His book confirms the answer. Nevertheless, he has written with perception, and his book should goad American readers into some self-critical thinking.

"I had never risen with them . . . and followed them through an Asian day."

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Marxist Marketplace

"Journey to Poland and Yugoslavia," by John Kenneth Galbraith *(Harvard University Press. 118 pp. $3), is a journal of what the author noted about him when he stepped off the lecture platform in the Communist countries to which he was recently invited. Henry C. Wolfe, who reports on the book, is a specialist in Central and Eastern European affairs and has long known Yugoslavia and Poland. A member of the Hoover Commission in Soviet Russia, he is the author of "The Imperial Soviets" and other books.*

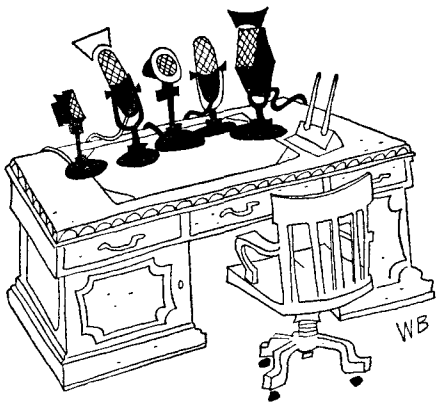
By Henry C. Wolfe

WHEN an American professor of economics—a non-Marxist, at that—is invited behind the Iron Curtain to give a series of lectures on capitalism, it's really news. Dr. John Kenneth Galbraith of Harvard, author of the current best-seller "The Affluent Society," received the unprecedented invitation and gave the lectures. The latter, he was told, constituted "the first such full-dress exposition by a bourgeois economist in a Communist country since the Russian revolution."

Happily, the sharp-eyed, witty non-Socialist kept diary notes of his experiences, convivial as well as academic, in Socialist territory. From these notes he has written one of the liveliest and most enlightening reports on Poland and Yugoslavia to come off our presses in many a day. In Dr. Galbraith's hands even a commonplace incident informs and entertains.

In both Poland and Yugoslavia the peasants have proved to be a tough problem for the Socialist planners. In both countries the authorities cracked down hard on them, attempted to herd them into collective farms and exploit their labor in order to provide food for the Party, the army, and the bureaucracy. The peasants resisted and have won at least the first round in their struggle with the Communists. The majority of them have returned to limited private enterprise on their small farms.

Thanks to its flexible price system, the author observes, Yugoslavia's "market Socialism" is successful. In Poland the state fixes most prices. But perhaps the most striking difference between the two countries lies in their response to the question: shall we go without today in order to enjoy plenty tomorrow? The Yugoslavs



are turning out more consumer goods, dressing better, and getting more to eat. The Poles, on the other hand, are stressing the argument that hard times now will provide abundance later on. "We face twenty years of austerity," they told Dr. Galbraith.

One fruit of this policy is the appalling scourge of alcoholism in Poland. People cannot buy essential consumer goods, so they spend their wages on vodka. "Parents teach their eight- and ten-year-olds to drown their youthful troubles."

The Poles characterize Stalinism as "the terrible past which may well lie before us." It may be this joyless prospect that, despite the clean streets of Warsaw and Krakow and the citizens' relative freedom to speak their minds, keeps the atmosphere of Poland from returning to its prewar gaiety. ". . . the problem of Poland seems to be one of reconciling a very high state of intellectual achievement with a very low level of economic life."

Poland remains intensely nationalistic. The intellectuals, however, want to be considered part of the West. It is the Poles, incidentally, who say that "during the Hungarian revolt everyone behaved like someone else. The Russians behaved like Germans. The Hungarians behaved like Poles. The Poles behaved like Czechs. The Czechs behaved like swine."

The author had a rather revealing conversation with a former American Communist Party member, now a Party worker and organizer in Poland. This man believes that the Polish government made a great mistake "in the promises that were made during the Six Year Plan. These were taken seriously, and at first the workers responded. But when the better life did not materialize they were disappointed and disillusioned." As for his own situation, the Communist admitted, "The work is interesting enough. But if you want the truth, I'm homesick as hell." His wife, poor lady, may be even more so. She "was never a Communist. She is quite honest."

An Active Waiting

"The Serpent and the Tortoise," by Edgar Faure *(translated by Lovett F. Edwards; St. Martin's Press. 205 pp. $4.50), contains the former French premier's reflections on Red China, following a brief visit there in the spring of 1956. The merits of his book are discussed below by Amaury de Riencourt, the author of "The Coming Caesars" and "The Soul of China."*

By Amaury de Riencourt

MR. EDGAR FAURE, one of a galaxy of premiers who have attempted to rule France since the war, was invited to visit Red China in the spring of 1956. He spent a few weeks in the country, enjoyed the standard guided tour provided by the Peking government for its distinguished foreign guests, and flew back to Europe via Soviet Russia. The book under review is a result of this journey—a result rather than an account of his brief journey since most of it is devoted to political and economic considerations drawn from published sources that are easily available on our side of the bamboo curtain. Within the limits set by the author's natural proclivities and the information available to him, it is one of the most useful books of its kind.

In the first part of his work the author gives us interesting glimpses of his meetings with Mao Tse-tung, Chou En-lai, and lesser officials. In the second and third parts he analyzes in detail the internal policy of the Communist regime, its ruthless destruction of the economically useless and technologically backward landlords, its extremely clever utilization of the urban middle classes, whose modern knowledge and technical skill are indispensable, its long-range plans to incorporate the most adaptable bourgeois elements into the Communist structure, if and when they are ideologically ready for absorption. He makes some interesting observations on the ease with which many Chinese capitalists have adapted themselves to a Socialist system which has treated them cunningly well. He also points out the religious-like nature of the ideological remolding campaigns and makes an interesting comment on the fact that Mao Tse-tung's are "the gestures of a man of religion."

A certain lack of knowledge of China's history and culture prevents his establishing any correlation between past and present. But through-

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out his work one can see why and how so many leading Chinese have taken to Mao's Marxism as ducks to water. Nothing is more striking than his pertinent psychological analysis of the Chinese Communists' ability "to think of contraries as being entirely compatible," and his understanding that where Westerners look for opposition and competition, the Chinese see alternation and cooperation.

The natural inclination of the Chinese mind toward some form of Marxist dialectic is an unpleasant fact. Let those who believe that history is a succession of meaningless accidents hope for miracles. The Communist triumph in China was no accident but the result of profound historical trends that have to be understood before an effective policy can be devised. If Edgar Faure's book could only dispel, once and for all, the illusion that China's Communist regime is doomed to collapse, it would render a very great service.

Unfortunately, the author, along with many other influential Westerners, is inclined to draw the wrong conclusions from a correct analysis. For instance, he points out that Formosa is the "key question" in Peking, and adds, "The main headache of the Chinese leaders is to avoid the 'second China.'" From this, however, he concludes that the West should give up the "two China" policy in order to placate Red China.

The Peking leaders are implacably anti-Western, implacably imperialistic; they proclaim it arrogantly. To believe that an increase in Red China's economic power would lead to a higher standard of living for the Chinese masses, and thus to a decrease of Chinese Communist imperialism, is a delusion. Red China's small surplus of wealth and power is devoted either to wasteful military aggression or to such type of economic dumping as is taking place right now in Southeast Asia, where it is pricing Japanese and Indian textiles out of their traditional markets. Red China's Pharaonic system is the chosen tool of a Chinese Marxism. None of the remedies suggested by Edgar Faure will prevail against it.

YET, the author is often right, if only in a negative sense. He points out that time is working in favor of Red China's leaders because "knowing exactly what is their aim, having determined their way of achieving it, their waiting is an active waiting which makes time work for them." And he adds pertinently, "I wonder if we in the West could say as much?" The West cannot because there is no unified Western policy in the Far East, and what there is is purely defensive.

The Growing Gulf

"West of the Indus," by William O. Douglas *(Doubleday. 513 pp. $5), relates what the energetic Associate Justice saw and learned last year on a trip to Pakistan, Afghanistan, Iran, Iraq, and Turkey. His book is reviewed by Dana Adams Schmidt, former Middle East correspondent for* The New York Times *now reporting from Washington. He is the author of "Anatomy of a Satellite," published in 1952.*

By Dana Adams Schmidt

ASSOCIATE Justice William O. Douglas of the Supreme Court is an enthusiastic student of current politics, ancient history, and archeology. He is an inexhaustible walker, climber, driver, and photographer. He loves good food, good conversation, good fellowship, books, poetry, and people. All kinds of people.

He dedicated this book to the Persian peasant of Hamadan "who offered me his jug of cold water on a blistering hot day." He enjoyed the hospitality of the governors of the provinces of West Pakistan, Afghanistan, Iran, Iraq, and Turkey, through which he traveled in the summer of 1957. He was warmly grateful to the gendarmerie officers who shepherded him over dangerous roads between governors. He was enchanted by bazaar merchants, museum curators, and automobile mechanics, migrant Turkmen, Nestorian priests and devil worshipers, to mention but a few.

All of which makes Justice Douglas an altogether admirable writer of travel books, and this one probably his best. Among the others have been "Strange Lands and Friendly People," about the Middle East and India; "Beyond the Himalayas," which again concerned a chunk of the Middle East, including the very progressive kingdom of Swat in Pakistan, and "North from Malaya," which skimmed through the Far East.

Justice Douglas and his wife, Mercedes, and a friend named Mary, drove a Chevrolet station wagon named Ali all the way from Karachi in West Pakistan to Istanbul, Turkey. "Ali," it seems was the cousin and son-in-law of the Prophet and the fourth Caliph, whose help is often invoked by Moslems when engaged in some arduous task. For instance, when hauling the Justice's station wagon out of ditches they would chant rhythmically "A-lee, A-lee."

Had it not been for the mechanical talents of Mercedes the Justice would have needed a great deal more than Ali's help. She seems to have spent a good deal of her time underneath the car, applying her special General Motors Corp. training to broken mufflers, exhaust pipes, and the like.

If he did it again, this jurist observes, he would demand "heavy duty equipment underneath" and "more clearance than our modern cars can give."

Best of many good things in "West of the Indus" is the account of the trip through Afghanistan, along hundreds of miles of the Russian border, where provincial hotels are jammed with Russian technicians, where a wide variety of Good Samaritans rescued the errant Justice, and where an enormous red sheep dog charged the car.

The sheep dog's attack suggested to the author that Peter Winant and his girlfriend, who disappeared while hitchhiking in Afghanistan in May 1956, may have been killed by dogs and then buried by the dogs' panic-stricken owners.

IRAN was more comfortable than Afghanistan but less hospitable. Justice Douglas worried about Iranian corruption. In Iraq he saw swift material progress, thanks to oil revenues. There he spent some time making contact with remnants of once-great Christian sects—Chaldeans, Mandeans, Jacobites, Nestorians. The Nestorians, whose prelates in the seventh century extended their spiritual rule all the way into China, were utterly destroyed by Tamerlane.

Sadly the author contemplates the frightful Mongolian invasions that wiped out civilizations and faiths over and over again with a thoroughness unmatched until twentieth-century man devised nuclear weapons.

Modern Turkey as discovered by the Justice is less colorful but more intense than other parts of the Middle East, less corrupt and more hopeful. He admires the dedicated provincial officials of modern Turkey, sympathizes with the Turks' not altogether successful struggle to practise democracy.

Justice Douglas is slow to censure any of the peoples of Asia, whom he cherishes. He knows "the warmths of her people, their longing for equality, their great pride in race and culture." When he contemplates his own people in the shape of air-conditioned tourists in the hotel lounges of Istanbul, consuming their frozen steaks and lording it over the natives, he is filled with fury.

He finds them "symbolic of the growing gulf between America and the East, the gulf that threatens to leave us in lonely isolation."

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FICTION

Penchants of the Prettiest Girl

"The Visitors," by Mary McMinnies *(Harcourt, Brace. 576 pp. $4.95), centers about a beautiful Englishwoman, whose misbehavior jeopardizes her husband's diplomatic career. Our reviewer, Kay Boyle, has written many novels, among them "Monday Night" and "Year Before Last."*

By Kay Boyle

"THE Visitors," Mary McMinnies's second novel, is, like this young English author's "The Flying Fox," an extremely lively performance. The dialogue is bright and entertaining, the plot moves at a disciplined gallop, the delineation of scene and character is highly professional. But if one remains immune to the obstinate femininity of the central figure—beautiful, self-confident Milly Purdoe—then the going is not as good as it would seem. Milly is the wife of a young English Foreign Service officer, just assigned to a post in a satellite country that may very well be Poland.

As the book opens, he and his family are on their way, at the wrong season of the year in central Europe, to a sullen, dreary city, possibly Krakow. Here, in a run-down hotel of former splendor (the only living quarters available), Milly's boredom with husband, children, and English nanny produces a variety of illegal and immoral entanglements. The full impact upon the reader of the sordidness of Milly's adventures, and of the nanny's dormant vices, is somewhat delayed, however, by the exuberance of Miss McMinnies's prose.

Milly has been accustomed to being, always and everywhere, the prettiest girl in the room, and now, at thirty-three, with two small children, she still succeeds in being the loveliest thing around. But it has been made clear from the outset that Milly was born with a total unawareness of any moral sense. Her husband, Larry, is, on the contrary, an exemplary civil servant who mixes an excellent martini and is definitely on his way to an ambassadorship (provided Milly behaves). Through nearly 600 pages of black market dealings, amorous escapades, ruthlessly calculated flirtations (all of which Larry Purdoe remains surprisingly unaware of), the story reaches its climax in a scene or two of sexual passion which shock because they are less passionate episodes than outrageous lapses in taste. But beautiful, cold-blooded Milly, who lies, deceives, neglects, betrays, and nearly drags her husband down to permanent disgrace, continues to fascinate Miss McMinnies as much as she does the rough and tender, hard-drinking American journalist, Abe Schulman, who will not be seduced, and the benighted Englishman, Wragg, who is, not to mention the boyish Countess Bielska, in her "bus-conductress rig," who would cut her heart from her breast for Milly's sake.

In the end, this reviewer, at least, was not convinced that Milly has learned to shed real tears at last, and that everything is going to be different on the new post to which Larry Purdoe is — for obvious reasons — hastily transferred. On the nature of Mr. Toad in "The Wind in the Willows," Kenneth Grahame once wrote in a letter: "I fear with you that Mr. Toad's reform cannot be looked upon as permanent. I would therefore be afraid to attempt a sequel." Miss McMinnies's lively wit should concede as much concerning Milly Purdoe.

FRASER YOUNG'S

LITERARY CRYPT NO. 804

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 804 will be found in the next issue.

XA SOEOLWUM

TDOUARATDZ: XDFX

OR XA GM F SMFU

TDOUARATDMS.

—TFRLFU.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 803
Where one is wise, two are happy.

—HENRY BOHN.

Mary McMinnies—"extremely lively."

Free, Free Enterprise

"Tambourines to Glory," by Langston Hughes *(John Day. 188 pp. $3.50), is a tale about two enterprising Harlem ladies who go into the Gospel business. Richard Gehman, editor of "Eddie Condon's Treasury of Jazz," discusses the novel.*

By Richard Gehman

SOMETIMES, especially after I have finished a new book of his, I think Langston Hughes is one of the greatest folk poets our country has produced. I am not entirely sure what a folk poet is, but whatever a folk poet is, Langston Hughes is. His new book, which is about the Gospel business in Harlem, has the clean, simple line of a gospel song by Clara Ward; it develops with a natural, effortless simplicity and an unassuming authority, as Miss Ward sings her songs, and it is full of vitality, earthiness, joy, unashamed religious feeling, and humorous perspective. It is a book that takes delight in the classic behavior of its characters, yet never condescends. Reading it, I was reminded of Joseph Mitchell's note at the beginning of "McSorley's Wonderful Saloon." The people in his stories, Mr. Mitchell remarked, were those of the kind "that many writers have recently got in the habit of referring to as 'the little people.'" He added, "I regard this phrase as patronizing and repulsive. There are no little people in this book."

There are no little people in Hughes's book, either. They are all drawn in bold, Rouault-like strokes. "Tambourines to Glory" is about two Harlem ladies, Laura Reed and Essie Belle Johnson, who decide that they

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Langston Hughes—"Rouault-like stroke."

are tired of being poor. Essie wants desperately to have her daughter, who is down South, with her. Laura wants — just as desperately — men, mink coats, big cars, and booze. Essie likes to sit; she is a slow and deliberate lady. Laura's favorite posture is less upright.

"I'm a she-male minister," she says, "and there ain't nothing in the Bible says male or female shall not make love. Fact is, Essie, the very first book is just full of begats, which runs from Genesis through to Tabulations."

The two ladies found a church. That is, they put a down payment of two dollars on a Bible and spend thirty-five cents for a camp chair and fifty cents for a tambourine and go out into the street to look for business. They both sing. Laura is fiery, Essie is holy. Within a short time they rent an abandoned flat, and a short time after that they are operating in an old theatre. Then Laura's boyfriend, an opportunist who has connections with a white racketeer, moves in on them. He goes for Essie's daughter, up from the South. Laura stabs him and blames Essie, and . . .

I don't really want to tell the whole story; not that it would spoil it, for it would not; it is just that its very simplicity might drive the reader away. This is a funny book and should be read aloud; it is a book that reaffirms its writer's talent—and, more important than mere talent, his belief in the miracle of human behavior.

ITALIAN SPREE: Art Buchwald, whose novel **"A Gift From the Boys"** (Harper, $3.50) is the merry travel log of a deported mobster, remarks philosophically: "Even if they should get me, at least there'll be money for the wife and kids." However, Mr. Buchwald has more to fear from Italian officialdom than the underworld. Frank Bartlett, the too rugged individualist exiled to his native La Coma, is treated with the deference Edward Everett Hale accorded Philip Norton.

Signor Gronchi's republic, however, gets off less easily. Under the tolerant eye of the law, poor Bartlett is mulcted by all and sundry, from the customs agents to the local Robin Hood, who kidnaps him for $70,000 ransom. When his valet is robbed of a light truck containing their total possessions, and stripped to his unmentionables, the ingenious authorities fine the victim for indecent exposure.

Frank's trouble is that he is trying to remain on the level in a terrain where only angles flourish. When he turns to a dishonest lira out of sheer harassment he is stymied by the local principessa, whose exploitation of the fisher folk has an hereditary claim.

The gift referred to in the title is one Karen Withers, a blue-eyed blonde selected by the mob as a fitting going away present. Bartlett, naturally, is horrified, and his ward is nurtured as carefully as Little Miss Marker. But true love springs up in the unlikeliest places, and if Bartlett is the patsy of the natives, he is the pin-up of Karen (who only became a bon voyage basket under a misapprehension).

It would be unsporting to cavil at an unpretentiously funny charade, written by one of the deftest humorists around. But if there is something lacking in "A Gift from the Boys," it is a mite of solid construction, which should keep a novel rolling unpredictably along. Actually, all that happens to poor Bartlett is one damn thing after another, and eventually the reader begins to feel as overwhelmed as the deportee.

—Martin Levin.

DOGGED DERRING-DOER: In his fifth adventure novel Hammond Innes continues a writing formula which he used to good purpose in "The Wreck of the Mary Deare" and "Campbell's Kingdom." The formula (find an actual historical legend or true story, dredge up the details, lay a plot on top) shows signs of bogging down in the flora and fauna of **"The Land God Gave to Cain"** (Knopf, $3.95). The "land" is Labrador, and Mr. Innes tells us in a foreword that he made two research trips up there during

Pick of the Paperbacks

1066 AND ALL THAT. *By W. C. Sellar and R. J. Yeatman. Everyman.* 95¢. High-styled and hilarious, this spoof at the dryasdust school of history and its sobersided historians includes vignettes of great personages (Edward VII was kind to gypsies) and such analyses of historical events as the information that the Great War was caused by German governesses infiltrating into Kensington.

DREAM OF THE RED CHAMBER. *By Tsao Hsueh-Chin. Translated and adapted by Chi-Chen Wang. Anchor.* $1.25. A vastly complex novel from eighteenth-century China about five generations in the lives of two Peking families. A love story is the central theme around which circles the rich and variegated world of Chinese society.

POLAND. *By Clifford R. Barnett. Evergreen.* $2.45. A factual analysis of modern Poland outlines the country's political, economic, and cultural present against the perspective of the historical past.

HOAXES. *By Curtis D. MacDougall. Dover.* $1.75. From Shakespeare to Charlie McCarthy, Mr. McDougall traces some of history's best-loved hoaxes. Debunking as an art reaches a bright high in this extensive account of famous frauds.

THOREAU. *By Henry Seidel Canby. Beacon.* $2.75. The Man of Walden is treated to a full-scale biographical study from which he emerges as an independent and highly creative thinker.

THE TREES. 35¢. **THE FIELDS.** 35¢. **THE TOWN.** 50¢. *By Conrad Richter. Bantam.* The story, in trilogy, of Sayward Luckett, who grows from the sturdy frontier girl of "The Trees" to a seasoned mother-of-ten in "The Town."

JULY 1863. *By Irving Werstein. Ace.* 35¢. An exciting hour-by-hour account of mob rule, arson, and pillaging during the fierce Draft Act riots in New York recreates vigorously an eventful week in American history.

KARL MARX: THE RED PRUSSIAN. *By Leopold Schwartzschild. Universal.* $1.65. This biographical study of Marx encompasses his role as a leading European thinker and creator of ideology, with emphasis upon his long and fruitful friendship with Engels.

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the course of gathering materials for his novel.

Like many tall-tale-spinners, the author seems more intent upon extending his remarks and following his narrative thread than upon establishment of character or portrayal of fictional mood, scene, and motivation. Mushing doggedly forward, Mr. Innes's twenty-three-year-old narrator, Ian Ferguson, leads the reader through a highly confusing maze of myth and conjecture. Occasionally Ian pauses to observe the visual offerings of the Labrador bush country, but mostly he tries to get at the heart of a derring-do dilemma which has led him to hitchhike his way from home and job in England. And his interior gropings and meditations are neither more nor less complicated than one might expect from any sober-sided young engineer called upon to swashbuckle.

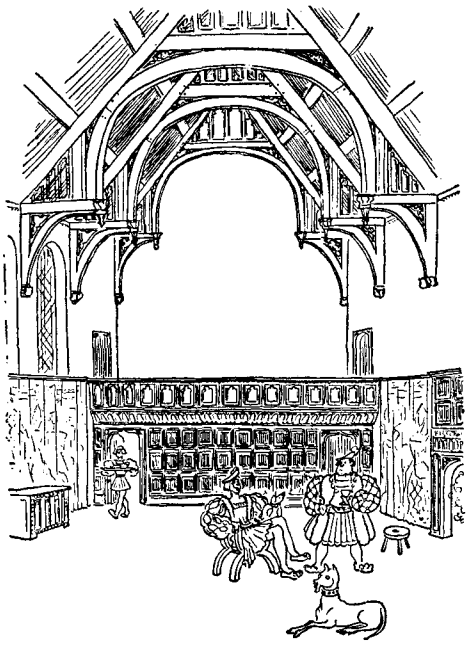
Ian's invalid father, a ham radio operator, picks up a faint radio signal from a man who has been stranded in the Labrador wilds and reported dead by the surviving bush pilot. The excitement of receiving the radio report kills the old man, but Ian can find nobody who will accept its authenticity. Anxious to verify the facts and to probe reasons for his father's lifetime obsession with Labrador, he finally finagles his way to Goose Bay and fights on toward the remote Lake of the Lion from which the radio signal had emanated. During the course of Ferguson's Travels, one builds up a violent suspicion about the sinister bush pilot, Bert Laroche, and the latter's loved one, Paule Briffe, daughter of the man Laroche had abandoned as dead. And in knocking around among the remote offices and railroad spurs of a big iron ore company, one meets a remarkable number of skeptical, rough men who at last reveal to Ferguson that his own grandfather had been murdered by Laroche's grandfather many years before at this same Lake of the Lion.

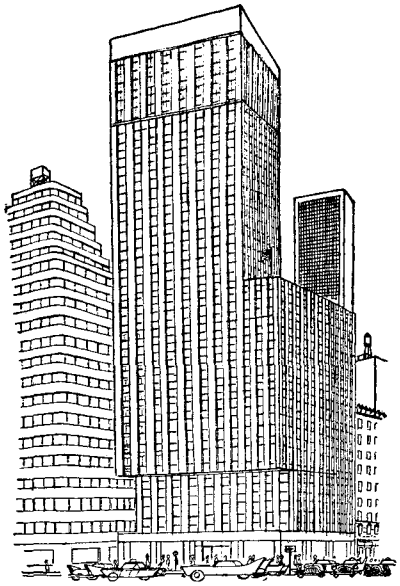
Only in a wildly melodramatic climax among the skeletal bones of this earlier tragedy is it made quite clear to Ian that Laroche is not a second-generation villain. Also that Ferguson Senior had truly reported the freak radio signal from Paule's father, a man whose greed for gold and murderous behavior have been covered up by one and all to spare her feelings.

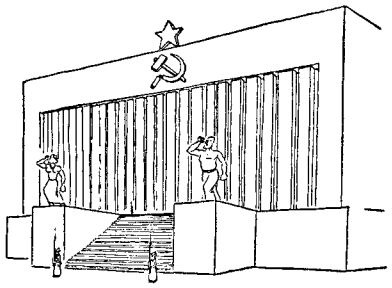
At the end, Ian Ferguson has proved his father's veracity, cleared up a family mystery, and seen something of Labrador. Not bad, for one very bushed young man in a quick trip to frontierland. And the reader, perhaps equally bushed by this time, will wish him safe conduct back to the milder rigors of England where it is hoped his job will still be waiting.

—James Kelly.

BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE: From the witty pen of England's Osbert Lancaster comes **"Here, of All Places"** (Houghton Mifflin, $4), an account, through history, of man's dwellings. How man has built his nest is Lancaster's concern in these brightly illustrated essays. Pictured here are the author's conception of a drafty Tudor ancestral hall, the unadorned proletariat reform-architecture, and the aerie where the modern New Yorker roosts.







POETS IN EXILE: Storm Jameson has a fondness for complicated plots, peopled by many characters, and a keen eye for scenic detail; and, like a true novelist, she has never limited the range of her writing to the range of her own experience. **"One Ulysses Too Many"** (Harper, $3.50) is a typical Jameson product.

The place is Nice, the year 1953, the principal characters a group of Polish exiles, uprooted by Communism, who are dreaming with various degrees of optimism of a return to their homeland. When and how this happy event is to be accomplished they do not know, but while they dream they are also planning to penetrate the iron curtain by means of a free Polish literary review, to be called *Pole Star*. Most of the action centers around their attempts to bring this magazine into being, but it is action that moves in a wavering circle, instead of straight towards the goal, for these exiles are exiles in a double sense—cut off from contact with their native soil, they are also sundered one from another.

Miss Jameson's exiles are estranged from one another by more than policy and traditional Polish contentiousness. Suspicions poison their relationships. Dobiecki, whose pianist's hands have been ruined forever by the Vichy militia, is convinced that he was denounced as a Resistance fighter by his old friend Weyr. Gierba is certain that he was betrayed to the Communist police, and his wife's death caused by Sophy, who in happier days has been Nadzin's adored mistress, and since then has combined prostitution with the work of a petty police informer. Nadzin, the poet, is suspected by his associates of being a Communist agent. Jan Kot, the man of goodwill, is painfully baffled by the behavior of his friends. And, as the futile, tragic farce prolongs itself, we, Miss Jameson's readers, share the growing impatience of Anna Genin, rich and beautiful, loved by Kot and in love with Nadzin, who stands ready to finance *Pole Star* if its projectors can make peace among themselves.

Miss Jameson knows how to make us read on, even while we feel that her characters are being manipulated by an expert puppeteer.

—Ben Ray Redman.

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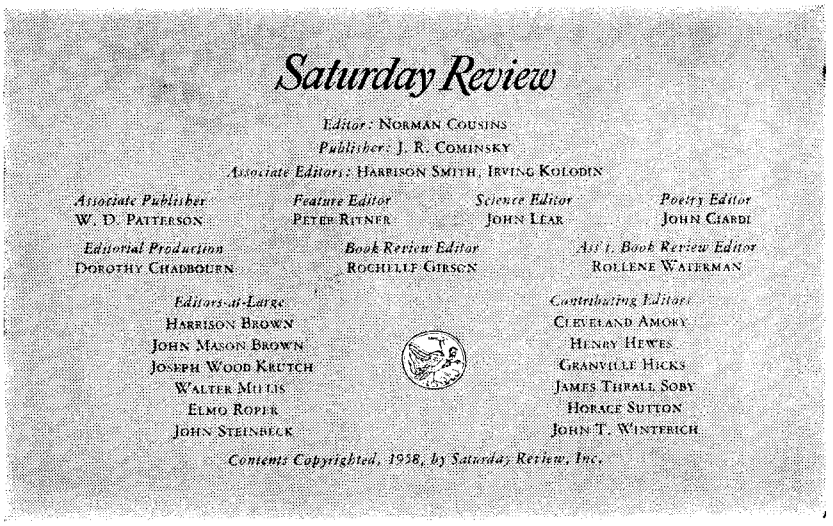

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Two Public Statements

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The editorial page this week is devoted to two recent public statements. The first is an "Open Letter to the Men at Geneva," signed by citizens of many nations. Its purpose is to create the widest possible support for effective negotiations leading to enforceable agreements in Geneva on the matter of nuclear control. The second is excerpts from a statement by Pablo Casals in connection with his participation in the United Nations Day Concert in New York.*

To the Men at Geneva

WHAT we offer you is the most precious thing human beings have to give. We offer you our hopes.

We want you to feel you are representing not just a nation, powerful though it may be, but two billion human beings who represent the ultimate authority on earth.

No group of men in history have had a bigger or nobler chance to serve their own age and all other ages to come.

We know there may be many times during your meetings when further discussions will seem fruitless.

We know there will be in the background many voices actually pushing you in the direction of failure—for it is hard for some men to comprehend the needs and dangers of our times.

But this is not the source of your mandate. Your mandate comes from one and only one source—the sovereign will of the human community. It is to this community that you are primarily responsible.

Naturally, the peace of the world depends on many things besides control of nuclear weapons. It depends on the control of the basic causes of war —injustice, hunger, oppression, aggression, ambition. To meet these dangers, we must look to the cause of a stronger United Nations into which has been built the required powers of world law.

But, meanwhile, an important beginning has to be made on one vital part of the problem of world peace—the permanent internationally inspected ending of nuclear weapons tests.

This vital beginning is now your responsibility. To that beginning we now invest our hopes, make known our mandate, and wish you well.

Albert Schweitzer (*Lambarene*)
Martin Niemoeller (*Germany*)
C. Rajagopalachari (*India*)
Toyohiko Kagawa (*Japan*)
Francois Mauriac (*France*)
Andre Trocme (*France*)
Trygve Lie (*Norway*)
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Martin Luther King (*U.S.A.*)
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Bertrand Russell (*Great Britain*)
Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt (*U.S.A.*)
Gunnar Myrdal (*Sweden*)
L. John Collins (*Great Britain*)
Tadao Watanabe (*Japan*)
Norman Cousins (*U.S.A.*)

Message by Casals

TODAY all else becomes secondary in comparison to the great and perhaps mortal danger threatening all humanity. Never has the world been nearer to catastrophe than at this moment. The extraordinary scientific discoveries of our century which some great intellects, in their thirst for knowledge, have achieved, are now being exploited for the construction of instruments of monstrous destructiveness. Confusion and fear have invaded the whole world; misunderstood nationalism, fanaticism, political dogmas and lack of liberty and justice are feeding mistrust and hostility that make the collective danger greater every day; yet, the desire for peace is felt by every human being in the world. This desire has been manifested again and again in the face of the peril menacing all of us, by many distinguished personalities, in scientific writings, in the world press, and above all by that great citizen of the world, Dr. Albert Schweitzer.

The anguish of the world caused by the continuation of nuclear danger is increasing every day; all realize the horrifying consequences of a nuclear war, which would cause not only irreparable material and physical destruction, but also moral and spiritual degradation. How I wish that there could be a tremendous movement of protest in all countries, and especially from the mothers, that would impress those who have the power to prevent this catastrophe.

In order to resolve their problems, the conflicting forces must regard as the basis for their discussions the inhumanity and uselessness of war that all people condemn. The biggest and most powerful nations have the greater duty and responsibility for keeping peace.

It seems to me that all those who believe in the dignity of man should act at this time in order to bring about a deeper understanding among peoples and a sincere "rapprochement" between conflicting forces. The United Nations today represents the most important hope for peace. Let us give it all power to act for our benefit.

And let us fervently pray that the near future will disperse the clouds that darken our days now. Music, this marvelous universal language understood by everyone everywhere, ought to be a source of better communication among men. This is why I make a special appeal to my fellow musicians everywhere, asking each one to put the purity of his art at the service of mankind in bringing about fraternal and enlightened relationships between men the world over.

The "Hymn to Joy" of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony has become a symbol of love. And I propose that every town which has an orchestra and chorus should perform it on the same day, and have it transmitted by radio to the smallest communities and to all corners of the world; and to perform it as another prayer through music for the Peace that we all desire and wait for. —Pablo Casals.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

STARTLING STATEMENT

IN "THE UNADJUSTED MAN" (*SR* Nov. 1) Peter Viereck comes up with the startling statement: "Earth is one of the uninhabitable planets" and then he assures us a few lines later: "Yet somehow we must live." If we accept his first proposition, then the second is a *non sequitur*. I feel Mr. Viereck has given us an admirable diagnosis of the ailment of our time, but he owes us more answers.

CURT ROSENTHAL.

Chicago, Ill.

VIERECK'S SEA-BREEZE

I HAVE NEVER read anything more refreshing and stimulating than Peter Viereck's "The Unadjusted Man." It is like opening a door to let a sea-breeze into an oppressive room.

MRS. GEORGE P. PUTNAM.

Wayne, Pa.

GOOD EQUALS GOOD

AFTER PUTTING UP a bold, nobly-phrased argument to give spirituality at least even stature with materiality, Viereck lapses into an astonishingly ill-fitting, sophomoric pessimism, suggesting an apparent failure to realize that good thoughts are not necessarily apart from good deeds.

JOSEPH GANCHER.

Albany, N. Y.

REALISTIC PICTURE

THIS WRITER believes that "The Unadjusted Man" will do much to give the readers a realistic view of the world in which we live.

JAMES A. WELLS.

Seneca, Mo.

SAME PUBLICATION, DIFFERENT PAGE

PETER VIERECK begins his discussion of the unadjusted man with the statement that "today Americans have no outer or geographic frontier left to conquer"—a quaint view, surely, today. Compare, for example (same publication, different page, different Peter), the opening statement of P.R.'s editorial "Space Must Take Its Toll": "No adventure in history, no crossing of oceans or plowing of plains or fabrication of metals, in the long run means more to the liberation of human potential than the conquest of space and the settlement of the planets." Pay your money and take your choice.

ERNEST H. TAVES.

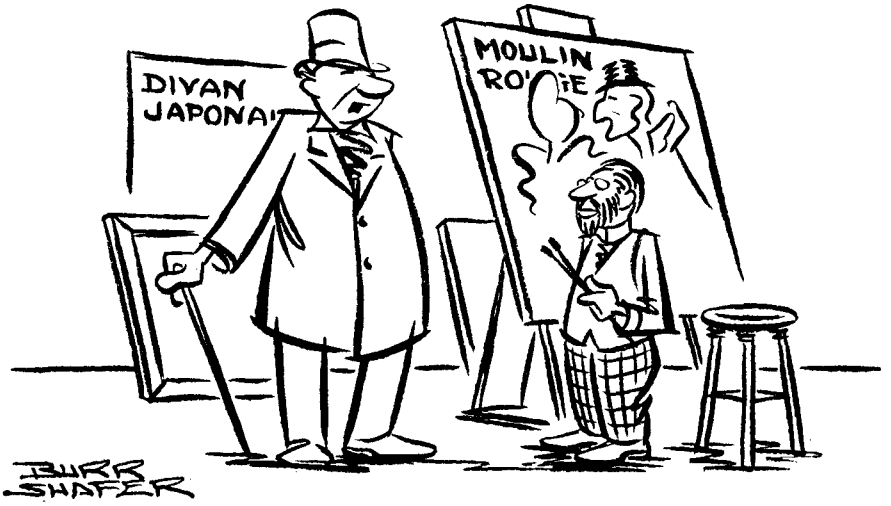
Cambridge, Mass.

MELODRAMATIC WHINING

THE PESSIMISM of intellectuals like Viereck, Aldous Huxley, and the existentialist gloom-boys is as socially irresponsible as the fatuous optimism of religious racketeers like Norman Vincent Peale and his positive thinkers. The problems arising from mass-culture and thermonuclear warfare demand rigorous thought and bold action. The melodramatic whining of the professional pessimists is an obstacle to their solution.

C. W. GRIFFIN.

Erlton, N. J.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"I'm sorry to cancel, but I have found another artist who makes better posters for far less money."

GULLIBLE IGNORAMUSES

THE WORLD that man is currently destroying has generated life, gropingly patterned our brains, and shaped the lovely forms we cherish. Both Viereck and P.R., essentially, aid in its devastation: P.R., by actively plowing soil, resources, and decent living space into a mad drive to conquer something that does not exist; Mr. Viereck, by burrowing into the porous exoskeleton of an, as yet, poorly organized society and from there contemplating the Inner Man. Anyway, I prefer the Unadjusted Man to the Termite Man who has yet to be invented to people the perfect society of P.R.'s space age. Meanwhile, if P.R. and his kind can be relegated to some part of outer space, I suggest that the essence of life and living is as little to be discovered in the Inner Man as the soul is to be located in the pineal gland, where gullible ignoramuses once put it.

DANIEL MCKINLEY.

Brunswick, Me.

UNEMPLOYED

PLEASE FIRE P.R. and give his job to Peter Viereck.

JEAN M. PATON.

Ojai, Calif.

FUTILE ENTERPRISES

APPARENTLY the idea is prodigally to pour men and treasure into outer space, to achieve what? To find oneself bogged down in the mire, and worse, of the futile enterprises which lie beyond.

GERALD BLACKHOUSE.

Phoenix, Ariz.

FOR WHAT?

IF VIERECK is *now* worried, let him really enter Inferno as he envisages 170,000,000 or more persons turning into a nation of Uriah Heeps before his very eyes. At least the Russians know they are being beaten into conformity for a purpose—in their opinion, a holy purpose. But for what have we given up our integrity, our worship of freedom of speech, our spiritual and ethical mores? You tell me.

REGINE KURLANDER.

Shaker Heights, O.

ORGY OF MISPLACED ENERGY

I FAIL TO sense the thrill, as I have certainly always failed to see the point, of landing on the moon. The whole project is an orgy of misplaced energy. I'm happy just to watch a chrome-and hate-and TV-free moon from my garden, and pray for the "brilliant young adventurers" of the spirit whom I occasionally see trying, without gaudy fanfare, to improve their world here.

CURTIS C. PAGE.

Des Moines, Ia.

FREE AND UNSKILLED

UNSKILLED LABOR is one means of living simultaneously a public and a private life. In World War I, I had a summer job in a factory wrapping chocolates in silver paper. As the work made no demands on me either mentally or physically, and as the noise of the machinery precluded conversation, I was free to follow my thoughts wherever they wanted to take me. Perhaps the work was tiring and boring, but the time I spent on it was by no means the least creative period of my day.

MARGARET LEE SOUTHARD.

Hingham, Mass.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

The "Cad" as Hero

"EPITAPH for George Dillon" was first written by John Osborne and Anthony Creighton five years ago. At that time both authors were out-of-work actors writing plays which London theatre-managers were furiously rejecting. This may explain why the play's central character is an out-of-work actor-playwright, and also why this play is the most conventional of the three produced plays John Osborne has had a hand in.

It begins with the thirty-four-year-old George Dillon, a "bohemian" who in financial distress accepts the hospitality of the Elliots, a lower middle-class British family. This family and its way of life is the epitome of everything he detests: a sentimental mother, who wants him to take the place of her deceased son; her moronic husband, whose sole joy in life is to make everyone else as mean and miserable as he is; one daughter whose personality is so naive and simple that she is nothing but "a hole in the air"; and a younger daughter named Josie who is a caricature of today's vapid teen-ager. As George describes them, "Their existence is one great cliché that they carry about with them like a snail in his little house—and they live and die in it."

However, this "snail menagerie" has one inmate more intelligent and sensitive than the rest. It is Ruth, the mother's forty-year-old sister. Her cliché is of a slightly higher order than those around her. She has a weakness for making herself into "an emotional soup kitchen" for writers or far-Leftists. But George spoils a potential romance and friendship between them through what she terms his "religion of being brilliant." This religion is to avoid the comfort of belief in unverifiable myths, simple explanations, or "synchronizing oneself with Providence."

If George is too honest to allow a woman he respects to give him love under the comforting pretense that she is helping a man of talent, he has no qualms about seducing her niece, who is completely selfish. In Act III he assumes responsibility for his actions and is left permanently surrounded by everything he despises.

George Dillon is a hero in the "cad" tradition of Mr. Osborne's other plays: Jimmy Porter in "Look Back in Anger," Archie Rice in "The Entertainer," and Paul Slickey in his new musical comedy about the British press which opens in London in the spring. All are brutally rude to women, commit adultery rather openly, and have no conspicuous sign of extraordinary talent.

Mr. Osborne obviously feels that their conventionally unpleasant and ignoble qualities are evidences of virtue. For instance, after Mrs. Elliot sentimentalizes about her deceased son, whose savings are now to be used helping George, our hero looks at the dead man's photo and says gleefully, "You stupid-looking bastard."

This is not villainy, but George insisting that he not be a hypocrite to himself. Robert Stephens, who plays the role, avoids asking the audience for pity or understanding. If you share his laughter and his desperation it is enough. No need to cream-sauce it all up with nobility and pathos. Indeed, Mr. Stephens's best moments are the quick stinging jabs he sneaks at the world, a sudden Chaplin-like gesture of mockery or a mad mimicking of a community-sing organist.

THE cast around him is also excellent. As Aunt Ruth, the gracious Eileen Herlie reveals to us a really vulnerable human being. As the mother, Alison Leggatt allows the possessiveness of a woman who wants to add George to the hideous birds on the wall to emerge through her delusion of being a kindly old dear. "God always pays debts without money" is Mrs. Elliot's Sunday sermon, and the sweetness of Miss Leggatt's delivery makes the irony more subtle. Avril Elgar and Frank Finlay capture the comic terror of the shabby personalities of older daughter and father. And Wendy Craig rounds out the family with her nice portrait of Josie, the girl who dresses in tight slacks and listens to crudely sexy songs all day long, but who lacks one iota of genuine desire to give and take with an ordinary man.

James Valentine plays a patronizing young minister so tenaciously that his defeat of George Dillon in a religious argument pushes the latter into a no-man's-land of unjustified behavior. It is here we see the playwrights' true intention, "the putting of the gun in the other man's hand." They defy the current playwrighting technique whereby the majority is made to sympathize with the leading character. If you want to sympathize with George Dillon you must do the work

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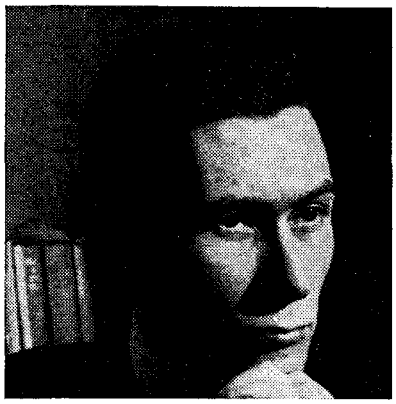
yourself and he will not thank you for it. As George says in the play, "All I ever got—inside and outside the theatre—is the raves of a microscopic minority, and the open hostility of the rest. I attract hostility. I seem to be on heat for it. Whenever I step out onto those boards—immediately, from the very first moment I show my face—I know I've got to fight almost every one of those people in the auditorum. . . . Oh, I may win some of them over. Sometimes it's a half maybe, sometimes a third, sometimes it's not even a quarter. But I *do* beat them down. I beat them down! And even in the hatred of the majority there's a kind of triumph because I know that, although they'd never admit it, they secretly respect me."

It appears that this secret respect plus the rave notices of several minority critics will not keep "Epitaph for George Dillon" from a premature funeral. That the best play of the new season should only run fifteen performances is shocking. But that all of us have become so much the victims rather than the makers of fashionable public opinion that we don't even try to fight for what we believe is superior theatre only verifies this play's bitter attack on our comforting and hypocritical pretensions.

—Henry Hewes.



JOHN OSBORNE: Born in London December 12, 1929. Attended several cheap boarding schools, and after being thrown out of one at the age of sixteen became a self-educated man. Saved from anonymity by London's Royal Court Theatre which made use of both his acting and playwrighting talents. His favorite author is D. H. Lawrence, and his favorite living playwright Jean Anouilh. While his reputation has been made as the prototype of the angry young man, he is actually a very careful and hard-working writer who cares more about how he writes than about what he writes. He looks forward to writing plays, not of the conventional sitting around and talking variety, but of the sort which make full use of music, dance, scenic comment, and all the arts of the theatre. Acclaimed by the *Saturday Review* as "the most exciting playwright since Tennessee Williams and Arthur Miller."

Robert Stephens as George Dillon.

● *Here lies the body of George Dillon, aged thirty-four—or thereabouts—who thought, who hoped, he was that mysterious, ridiculous being called an artist. He never allowed himself one day of peace. He worshiped the physical things of this world, and was betrayed by his own body. He loved also the things of the mind, but his own brain was a cripple from the waist down. He achieved nothing he set out to do. He made no one happy, no one looked up with excitement when he entered the room. He was always troubled with wind round his heart, but he loved no one successfully. He was a bit of a bore, and, frankly, rather useless. But the germs loved him.*

—*From* "Epitaph for George Dillon."

Sir Laurence Olivier as Archie Rice.

● *We're drunks, maniacs, we're crazy, we're bonkers, the whole flaming bunch of us. Why, we have problems that nobody's ever heard of, we're characters out of something that nobody believes in. We're something that people make jokes about, because we're so remote from the rest of ordinary, everyday, human experience. But we're not really funny. We're too boring. Simply because we're not like anybody who ever lived. We don't get on with anything. We don't ever succeed in anything. We're a* nuisance, *we do nothing but make a God almighty fuss about anything we ever do. All the time we're trying to draw someone's attention to our nasty, sordid, unlikely little problems. Like that poor, pathetic old thing there. Look at her. What has she got to do with people like you? People of intellect and sophistication. She's very drunk, and just now her muzzy, underdeveloped, untrained mind is racing because her bloodstream is full of alcohol I can't afford to give her, and she's going to force us to listen to all sorts of dreary embarrassing things we've all heard a hundred times before. She's getting old, and she's worried about who's going to keep her when she can't work any longer. She's afraid of ending up in a long box in somebody else's front room in Gateshead.*

—*From* "The Entertainer."

● *We'll be together in our bear's cave, and our squirrel's drey, and we'll live on honey, and nuts—lots and lots of nuts. And we'll sing songs about ourselves—about warm trees and snug caves, and lying in the sun. And you'll keep those big eyes on my fur, and help me keep my claws in order, because I'm a bit of a soppy, scruffy sort of a bear. And I'll see that you keep that sleek, bushy tail glistening as it should, because you're a very beautiful squirrel, but you're none too bright either, so we've got to be careful. There*

Kenneth Haigh as Jimmy Porter.

are cruel steel traps lying about everywhere, just waiting for rather mad, slightly satanic, and very timid little animals.

—*From* "Look Back in Anger."

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TV AND RADIO

No Times for Music

THERE isn't any truth to the rumor (started by myself) that a recent "Topics" column in *The New York Times* has been set to music (part Gregorian chant, part modern jazz) and will be sung at sunrise and sign-off on every broadcasting station in the land. I assumed that broadcasters were both grateful and imaginative and would want to recognize a benefactor properly.

For it must be twenty years since such a hosanna of praise for broadcasting has resounded in the public air—praise and wonder and awe—and at least ten years since anyone, except the broadcasters themselves, has so generously absolved them of fault, so promptly put the blame for shortcomings, if there may be any, on someone else—the public. The misgivings which Frank Stanton occasionally expresses, the cold analysis of the commercial structure of broadcasting offered in extenuation by General Sarnoff, are equally dismissed.

In good forensic style, "Topics" approached the main theme from a tangent. "By a mere turn of the wrist," said the writer, "we can summon . . . noted statesmen, scientists, operatic stars, athletes, actors, singers, dancers to perform for us." Not being a sadist, I skip the daytime hours of the date of this "Topics" column and note only what a mere turn of the wrist would have brought in the prime viewing hours between 7:30 and 10 p.m.

In the first half hour: two quizzes, "African Patrol," a song program of no special merit, an old movie, and a repeat of "Amos 'n' Andy." The next half hour was all Western and Adventure, the one after that the same plus "Father Knows Best." At 8:55 one station put on five minutes of news.

The next two half hours: crime, Westerns, a domestic comedy, science fiction, old movies, a drama about blackmail, a quiz, two adventure serials, and the "Voice of Firestone." At ten o'clock "The Case for Dr. Mudd" was presented, a respectable effort, but not the first time the subject had been treated in a popular way.

Moving in toward the main argument, "Topics" says that "we can also have our fill of violence and banality, if that is what our groggy psyche prescribes. As invoking magicians we have our choice." I pass "also" as a rhetorical device, but "our fill"? In a recent issue of *Newsweek* the new network programs were analysed and half of them were placed in the violent category; note was made of 150 non-network programs of the same order, plus a number of the ghoulish "shock" variety. I will not go into the details of our crime programs, which J. Edgar Hoover has called "a brazen affront to our national conscience"; I summarize only the figures of the National Association for Better Radio and Television: in one week in the Los Angeles area, programs on the air before 9 p.m. involved nearly 600 crimes (including attempted murder). Like New York, which I have observed, Los Angeles has many TV stations. What a mere turn of the wrist brings in those communities which have less than four stations can easily be imagined.

I do not list the dreary fare and the frightening statistics to quarrel with the broadcasters. I quarrel only with the moral drawn from the situation by "Topics" and, I fear, by many others. "Television viewers," says "Topics," ". . . exercise much influence. As long as considerable numbers of us find nepenthe in quiz shows, Westerns, and mysteries, owners and directors of existing popular channels will continue to supply them. . . . When by virtue of educational stimuli adults in considerable numbers reject the trivial and demand the qualitative, TV pioneering and resourcefulness will be encouraged"; "Topics" goes on to say that only sufficient public support accounts for the programs on mathematics and literature which have won "an honored place" on the broadcasting schedules.

It sounds so reasonable. All it omits is the fundamental fact that broadcasting is itself an educational institution which, most of the time, either actively belittles or ignores the subjects, the ideas, the concepts of values of our school-and-college educational system. Absorbing five hours a day, it creates audiences who cannot be won to mathematics because a quiz show is much more fun and are prevented from knowing anything significant about science by the ghastly jocosities of the Bell Labs programs. There were, to be sure, 150,000 people who listened to Sunrise Seminar's pleasant talks about literature—but 80 percent of them were women who had gone to college or had wanted to go—who

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were, in short, products of the pre-electronic educational system.

If our psyches are groggy, they have been made so by a great many interacting factors. Some of these television has inevitably reflected; some it has actively used. It is the prime means of communication of our time and by the act of communication it gives new strength to whatever it carries. It has a vast responsibility far beyond giving the public what it wants, since it is a creative force and naturally creates those wants it can itself fulfil. The way to praise it is to encourage its critics *within* the industry—the Stantons and the Sarnoffs in their skeptical moods, or Edward R. Murrow when he suspects that in its passion for universal entertainment television may become a real opiate of the people.

Another way to help broadcasting is for writers on the subject to know what is going on in the way of programs and in the way of criticism of programs. For that I can recommend nothing better to the writer of the "Topics" column than the last page but one of *The New York Times,* where TV programs are printed and where Jack Gould day by day brings a lively intelligence to bear on them.

—Gilbert Seldes.

Calling All Witches

An early irony and pleasant surprise of the young television season is that probably the finest performance of a witch in a fairytale ever given in the medium was presented under the egis of "the good ship *Lollipop* girl"—Miss Shirley Temple. The former child star returned from adult retirement last season to become the hostess-narratrix of "The Shirley Temple Storybook" hour, presented intermittently over NBC-TV. Miss Temple's primary-grade impishness, which agreeably outweighed her All-American Dimples during her Hollywood career, have mellowed with maturity into an on-camera marshmallow of young-in-heart respectability. For me, the program suitably conformed to the aura surrounding its mistress, a halo of pallid amiability. But my two sub-teen daughters have been sharply critical of this cynicism. For them, often, the classic fairytales televised have fulfilled their sponsor's premise that "dreams are made for children."

Outwardly I have accepted, with humility, the trade's assumption that the shows are not aimed at "my kind." Inside, nevertheless, I have continued to rebel at short-change artists who defraud my youngsters of the riches of real fantasy. Recently, however, my children and I met in enthusiastic agreement after an NBC-TV fairytale program. The event was Miss Temple's presentation of "Rapunzel," the brothers Grimm story of the lass with a ladder for hair. The filmed television adaptation featured the familiar low-budget forest, the cardboard king, prince, and peasants. Alexander Scourby (King) and Phillip Abbott (Peasant) are two of TV's most intelligent and perceptive players—yet in beard, wig, robe, and hose they were as impotent as their lines. But Agnes Moorehead (Witch) was more fortunate. This subtle, many-faceted actress seemed to ensnare director, designer, lighting, and camera —for each technician clearly demonstrated extra imagination whenever she took the stage. From the first pulse-leaping close-up in her evil glen, where the "rampion" fatefully grew ("corn-salad" in my Grimm translation), to the final reverse-zoom disappearance at the screen's far vanishing-point, anyone six or sixty could sense a new dimension to "Old Mother Gothel." This witch was wicked, yet she pouted. She had king-size fingernails and a bone-angled nose, yet she was imperious and near-sighted. She wore a Halloween hat, yet my evil imagination detected indisputable Freudian overtones in her "mother" attachment to the beautiful teen-ager she raised from a pilfered crib and kept imprisoned in a not-so-tall but stairless tower. "Her laugh is very original," commented my daughter Muffet, age seven; "She cackles like a witch." "No witch is a witch unless she cackles right," added her sister Diana, two years older.

Miss Moorehead cackled "right." She was beautifully human; she was frightening but not ugly. When she wilted, finally, under the virtuous power of adolescent glands triumphing through love's innocent eyes, you had no desire to leap and sing, like Hansel and Gretel: "The witch is dead! The witch is dead! The mean. old witch is dead!" You felt rather sad—and hopeful that there would be residual rights for Miss Moorehead in many a return engagement. This brilliant artist managed somehow to escape from the dead hand of goodiness which rests heavily on TV fairytales. She succeeded in breathing the free artistic air of mime, of non-literal movement, and of symbolic expression. If "dreams for children" on television are ever to be more than striped candy, they must follow the path marked out by Agnes Moorehead. Now that "adult Westerns" are here to stay, perhaps the time has arrived for all good witches to come to the aid of "adult fairytales."

—Robert Lewis Shayon.

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Portrait of a Mighty Protagonist

"Winston Churchill: The Years of Preparation," by Lewis Broad *(Hawthorne. 454 pp. $6), is the* magnum opus *by a Briton who has revised not only the original work but his opinion of his subject. Following is a judgment on the effort by Robert Lewis Taylor,* New Yorker *profiler who wrote "Winston Churchill, An Informal Study of Greatness."*

By Robert Lewis Taylor

IN THE preface of his "Winston Churchill: The Years of Preparation," a massive revision of what amounts to a lifework, Lewis Broad says, with refreshing candor, "When I set out twenty-five years ago to write on Churchill I did so with the intention of exposing a demagogue. Honest men, I thought, should know this self-seeking, unscrupulous politician for what he was." Then, plainly discontent to leave things at that (for a demagogue is scarcely worth a two-volume biography, and certainly not a lifework), Mr. Broad adds, "Such was my thesis, but the further I investigated the more insubstantial it was seen to be. I had postulated an astute politician guilty of many errors. His errors, on investigation, largely disappeared."

Mr. Broad, an English writer of note and popularity, has divided the current version of his work into five "books": "Fighting the Little Wars," "Fighting the Tories," "Fighting the Kaiser," "Fighting the Socialists," and "Fighting the Dictators." This unquestionably represents a great deal of fighting, some of it mildly confusing, as in the case of the Tories and the Socialists, and would appear to place Sir Winston among the most pugnacious men who ever lived, but Mr. Broad goes on to document his approach in admirable detail. In a "profile" of the great statesman, which follows the confessional prelude and precedes the lengthy major divisions, the author makes a number of penetrating remarks, of a diagnostic nature, about how Mr. Churchill got that way.

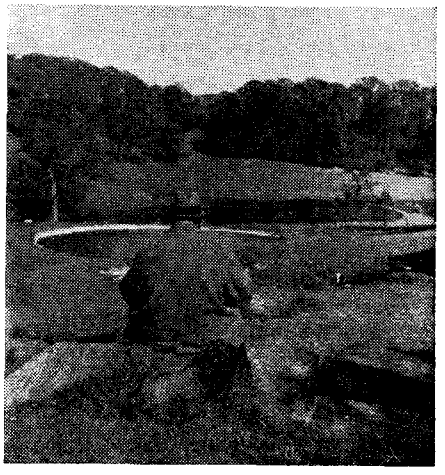
He has taken note of the subject's erratic and spirited father, Lord Randolph, whose antic gestures in the House of Commons left high-water marks of nonchalance not soon to be equaled there. Lord Randolph's incomparable exit as Chancellor of the Exchequer, when he broke age-old tradition by declining to pass on his ceremonial robe, or turn in his suit, has been told with humor. Students of graceful rudeness have long regarded the elder Churchill's action, in the House lounge, of summoning a waiter and paying him half a crown to listen to the end of an anecdote by a club bore as unrivaled in this field.

However, Mr. Broad by no means lays Sir Winston's historic gifts entirely to the father. Indeed, in this age of frequent international envy and dislike, even among allies, he has struck a warm, hands-across-the-sea attitude and stressed Churchill's maternal heritage.

Mr. Broad's diligent and probing account of the man who history may decide is its greatest figure rolls on through the momentous and stirring phases, pausing here to add color with an amusing story, again checking the headlong narrative to add deeper tints with skilful interpretation. Thus, in Book One, he sets the great stage with a few extraordinary circumstances of the future statesman's birth at Blenheim Castle, the bediamonded residence of his grandfather, the Duke of Marlborough:

> There was a small party that evening at which Lady Randolph was dancing, when she found it necessary to withdraw. Her room was many stately apartments and corridors distant and she had no time to reach it. The baby was born in a small cloak room on the ground floor amid the coats and cloaks of the women dancers. "Most unconventional," remarked the Duchess, which we, with after knowledge, would change to "most characteristic," for this was the arrival of one who would disdain the common path and would never wait upon time.

The writing of a biography can be a baffling experience; when one's protagonist is Churchill the undertaking may assume the proportions of mental torture, for not only has the great man steadfastly refused to talk at length to his Boswells but, with financial acumen that adds luster to the generality of his endowments, he himself has described his path through life with a devotion surpassing that of Caesar, who stuck, in the main, to the military. Within the limitations of conducting a literary competition with his subject, whose feats with the pen come perilously close to being mightier than those with the sword, Mr. Broad has achieved a triumph



THE FINEST HOURS in Sir Winston Churchill's long career are pictured in Geoffrey Bocca's well-illustrated biography, **"The Adventurous Life of Winston Churchill"** (Messner, $5). Sir Winston once advised, "Live dangerously. Dread naught. All will be well." Left, as a man-about-London early in this century; and above, with his dog Rufus, Sir Winston, octogenarian, surveys the English countryside.

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of selection and compilation. Bolstering his knowledge of the lofty official events, to which he cannot possibly be as privy as Sir Winston, he has unearthed the personal and he adduces the critical, serving up the good with the less favorable.

Of the fiasco at the Dardanelles the biographer writes:

> The political analyst will linger here to point the moral of the fall and apportion the blame among Churchill's various shortcomings as politician—his dash and rashness, his overmastering ways, the mistrust and antagonism he aroused, his failure to take the essential precaution of making his political base secure, for at that time he had neglected the politician's home base, which is the House of Commons, in his single-minded devotion to his duties at the Admiralty. He himself put the matter differently and the lesson he drew was that it was inexpedient to attempt to direct a major military operation, the Dardanelles, from a subordinate ministerial position.

For this reviewer, at least, the most absorbing chapters of Mr. Broad's meaty work are those of the young struggle for recognition—the journalist-subaltern in India, all but adrift among the unmanicured Pathans; the comic and independent expedition to Cuba; the offhand forays with Kitchener against the Dervishes, and, at last, the meanderings over the South African veldt, with eventual imprisonment by and breezy escape from the Boers. In the aggregate, these almost incredible excursions amount to one of the liveliest adventure stories extant. As to the sections dealing with politics, with Mr. Churchill's nimbleness at changing parties in midstream, his rises and falls in the public and party favor, his heroic stature in times of crisis—Mr. Broad has laid out his material with, as implied, commendable objectivity, considering his own observation, early in the book, that, "In my first edition I laid claim to impartiality. Since then, with some mental pain, we have become conscious that there is no such thing as impartiality outside mathematical tables. Any record of events must be regarded as partial or distorted on one side or other of the iron curtain."

Politics, like beauty, exists largely in the eye of the beholder. No doubt many readers will berate the author for an excess of tolerance; others will cavil at his lack of salesmanship. None will accuse him of omission; the multitudinous facts of this unique leader's career are expertly marshaled in crisp, clear, untortuous prose.

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TR in 3-D

"The Seven Worlds of Theodore Roosevelt," by Edward Wagenknecht *(Longmans, Green. 352 pp. $6.50), is a portrait of the protean TR. It is appraised by Hermann Hagedorn, who wrote "The Roosevelt Family of Sagamore Hill" and directs the Theodore Roosevelt Centennial Commission.*

By Hermann Hagedorn

THE "seven worlds" of Theodore Roosevelt through which Dr. Wagenknecht guides the reader with a firm foot and a clear sense of direction are the world of action, the world of thought, the world of human relations, the world of the family, the world of spiritual values, the world of public affairs, the world of war and peace. Theodore Roosevelt, as we know, covered a lot of territory in his packed life, and, in his research for this engaging book the author has explored it all. His industry has been staggering. Occasionally it has run away with him, but not often. The book is fresh, lively, and continuously entertaining.

This is as it should be in a centennial portrait of the most variously entertaining figure that we have any record of in American public life. The lament of Harvard's bewhiskered professor of history, TR's classmate Albert Bushnell Hart, after Roosevelt's death, "What's the use of reading the papers now that Theodore's gone?" reflected the feeling of a good many of his contemporaries. You might love him or you might hate him but you watched the morning paper for his latest outburst and, whatever it was, you were exhilarated or you were enraged, but you were never bored. One morning he might set you chuckling about "weasel words" that cravenly sucked the meaning out of the brave words that preceded them, or, the next morning, he might send you scurrying to the dictionary to find out what the mischief he meant by calling President Wilson a "Byzantine logothete." But, from the entertainment angle, he never let you down.

Neither does Dr. Wagenknecht. The portrait he paints has a living quality that reveals, as no other book that has been written about Mr. Roosevelt, the continuously bubbling vitality of the man in one after another of his seven worlds. He gives you the tenderness with the strenuosity; the humor with the preachiness; the poet, absorbed in a June miracle of birdsong, with the two-fisted bruiser, hurting and getting hurt in the "long fight for righteousness." He gives you the shadows with the highlights, the excesses with the splendor, the adolescent jingoism with the mature greatness.

> He was often right. He was sometimes wrong. He did not have all the answers to the riddle of human days. Sometimes, even, he seems more perplexed than other men. He was capable of being blinded by prejudice or passion so that he failed to see either men or issues clearly. H. G. Wells was haunted by "the friendly peering snarl of his face, like a man with the sun in his eyes" . . . He had the sun in his heart, too. He accepted the universe, as few men have ever accepted it. His ability to give himself to the duty which confronted was without stint or limit; few among those capable of such self-assertion have embraced such self-abnegation. Even when he was wrong he was wrong for the right reasons. His faults were due to the fact that he was a human being.

In his foreword, Dr. Wagenknecht states that the book is his personal contribution to the TR Centennial observance. It is a very important contribution. Not a biography at all (a few pages at the opening give the barest necessary minimum of facts and dates), the book, as indicated above, is an effort to present, in ten thousand fine brush-strokes, a three-dimensional portrait of the astounding and perpetually intriguing person who, in the course of his sixty years, moved with ease in and out of his "seven worlds," and seems likely to move with similar ease through one generation after another.

Has Dr. Wagenknecht actually caught his man? I am reminded of the eloquent words of the late William Allen White at a TR birthday dinner twenty-two years ago:

> When we who knew him and loved him are gone—we who understood him, who had the experience of seeing him, living with him—what will others think of him? Can the next generation get hold of that thing that we had, that exuberant personality, that joyous, burning flame that was Theodore Roosevelt? Shall it have to perish with us living? Will only a shadow of it come across the pages of history? I hope not. I hope some genius somewhere will be able to gather, from those of us who still live, something immortal, to put into the pages of history this unique and splendid, this superb spirit and personality.

When that genius turns up, he is not likely to find a better guide than Dr. Wagenknecht's book.

—From the book.

The Last Years

"Off the Record with F.D.R., 1942-1945," by William Hassett *(Rutgers University Press. 366 pp. $6), is drawn from the journal of a man who spent seventeen years as an assistant secretary to the late President. Reviewer Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.'s next book will be "The Coming of the New Deal," which will be published early in January.*

By Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

WILLIAM D. HASSETT first went to the White House in 1935 as an assistant secretary for Franklin D. Roosevelt. He left seventeen years later with Harry Truman in 1952. A companionable, loyal, self-effacing man, with a wide range of curious knowledge, he made himself quietly indispensable to both Roosevelt and Truman. In January, 1942, as he set off with Roosevelt for a visit to Hyde Park, Hassett began to keep a journal, a record he continued intermittently over the next three years. The result, now published as "Off the Record with F.D.R., 1942-1945," offers an interesting series of glimpses of Roosevelt at work and at ease during the war, by a devoted and disinterested observer.

In an affectionate preface, Jonathan Daniels writes, "Here, I think, is the single most revealing document about Franklin Roosevelt the man which historians will anywhere find." I would hesitate to dispute Jonathan Daniels on such a matter. But I must confess that, for all its interest, I did not find Mr. Hassett's book exceptionally revealing. There is a sensitive and moving account of Roosevelt's death. And there is a fascinating sequence of notes on the decline of Roosevelt's health (fascinating, though not unambiguous; after Yalta, in February, 1945, Hassett described Roosevelt as "in the pink of condition —hasn't looked better in a year," but on March 30 he told one of Roosevelt's doctors, "He is slipping away

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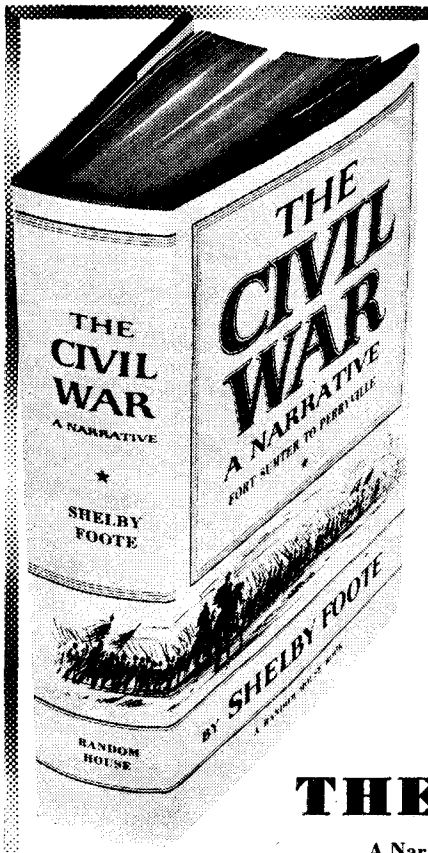
from us and no earthly power can keep him here," and reminded Dr. Bruenn that he had given the same warning the December before—a warning unrecorded in the diary).

For the rest, the journal contains all too many bulletins of the following order:

> Shortly after noon the President and the Prime Minister and Prime Minister MacKenzie King of Canada met with the Pacific War Council. All remained for lunch with the President, when they were joined by Secretary Hull and Under Secretary Welles. After lunch Secretary Hull remained with the President, and Lord Halifax, the British Ambassador, joined them. A day of momentous decisions, none of which were disclosed to the public.

One cannot help wishing for a little more on what the Pacific War Council decided. But Mr. Hassett, as reflected by his diary, seems to have had little interest in the strategy of the war, in public policy at home, in party politics, or even in personalities. His own faith was simple—a great love for Franklin Roosevelt, and a simple pleasure in books and people. What stuck in the mind of Hassett the diarist, in consequence, was not Roosevelt the maker of great decisions, but Roosevelt the antiquarian, the anecdotalist, the collector of books, the gentleman farmer, the affable host. This is an important part of Roosevelt and one which has not been so well documented before. But I fear that someone examining only "Off the Record with F.D.R." would be hard put to understand the real nature of Roosevelt's achievements and the sources of his power.

It should be added that the very qualities which limit the contribution of Hassett the diarist explain the contribution of Hassett the Presidential secretary. For Hassett's unwavering loyalty, his uncritical geniality, his complete reliability on the job, his very incuriosity made him an ideal associate for harassed executives. He was gentle, relaxing, undemanding. He never pressed, he did not care about decisions of policy, he had wit and charm, and he was thus one of those who made life bearable for Presidents whom everyone else was importuning about the affairs of the world. Surely to have done this is a greater accomplishment than writing an arresting diary about it. I doubt whether "Off the Record with F.D.R." is going to alter the history of the period very much. But it remains an honest and affecting memorial to a great gentleman who earned the confidence which two American Presidents reposed in him.



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History's China Hand

"Journey to the Beginning," by Edgar Snow *(Random House. 434 pp. $5), is an account by a peripatetic correspondent of the history he has witnessed, particularly in China. Annalee Jacoby, who with Theodore H. White, wrote "Thunder Out of China," considers the chronicle for us.*

By Annalee Jacoby

EDGAR SNOW's "Journey to the Beginning" is an autobiography, but it chronicles more than personal adventures, interviews, and emotions. Snow's life has been so involved with China's wars and revolutions, with the end of colonialism, with news and its background, that the book tells us far more about the world than it does about the writer.

The story of how a twenty-two-year-old youth, "full of curiosity and wide open to the world," came to be one of the world's great correspondents is an interesting one. Snow's views of history as it was being made, and his thoughts about it, are even more interesting.

The six weeks he had allotted for a visit to China stretched into most of thirteen years. He was the first correspondent, of course, to visit Communist China. As "Boswell to Mao Tse-tung" he probably knew Red China's leader better than any other American did. "There he sat," says Snow, "with two pairs of cotton pants to his name . . . Yet he spoke as if his party already held an irrevocable mandate over 'the workers and peasants' of all China . . ."

Snow makes clear that becoming convinced the Communists would take China was not the same thing as becoming pro-Communist. In 1930, when he arrived in luxurious Shanghai (where 28,000 corpses were collected from the streets and canals every year) American businessmen mostly considered Chiang Kai-shek a Communist, and preferred the corrupt old Northern warlords. They did not think Chiang would last. Snow did; but as he became more and more involved in Chinese politics, he realized that violent change was inevitable in China, and that Mao Tse-tung's prophecies would come about.

The best parts of the book, since his personal involvement was greatest, are the sections about China; the Communist China parts, since only he could write them, are engrossing. Snow also visited parts of Asia where few Americans have been. He writes about Burma, Indo-China, India, Germany, Austria, the South Seas, the Philippines, travels in the Middle East, and two long stays in Russia.

It is a thoughtful and thought-provoking book; but it is, of course, uneven, as his life has been. After anything as unique as his thorough four-month exploration of Chinese Communist personalities and politics, any account of life in Russia, necessarily outside the mainstream of state affairs, would be less fascinating. Nor can a reflective autobiography have the impact of the first book about a single absorbing subject, like his "Red Star Over China." But he makes a thorough historical background for every event he discusses engrossing reading, and he clarifies many things freshly and authoritatively.

There are interesting and amusing glimpses of Chiang Kai-shek and his relatives, especially Madame Sun Yat-sen; of Roosevelt, of Nehru and Gandhi; of early non-Chinese figures in China such as Rewi Alley and Evans Carlson.

Snow has written about these people and places and things before, and he is reluctant to repeat. I wish he would, occasionally, repeat such things as the Sian kidnapping of Chiang Kai-shek.

His title comes from the *Chuang-tzu*: ". . . Beginning and end are like a circle. Growth and decay are the succession of transformations. Where there is end there is the beginning." And he wonders if our time means the end or the beginning—for all of us.

For anyone curious about China, or indeed about the world, Snow's book will be enlightening. He has seen more history made than most men, and he has thought deeply about it.

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Creditable Enemies

"The Reporter's Trade," by Joseph and Stewart Alsop *(Reynal. 377 pp. $5), offers an inside into the methods and talents of a celebrated, erstwhile writing team. Louis M. Lyons, who edits the Nieman Reports, weighs their contribution.*

By Louis M. Lyons

THE Alsop brothers here review the public issues they have dealt with in their columns in the dozen years since World War II. They have illuminated the crises and confusions of this era of constant danger with insight and vigor matched by few other journalists. Their partnership in their column was itself a unique enterprise in daily journalism. Their dual role of reporter and commentator is one undertaken by few if any contemporaries. Their book, like their column, is distinguished by the quality of the writing and by its penetrating criticism of public policy in this period (1946-1958).

They tell enough of their own background and methods of work to let the reader in on what they are up to and their qualifications for it. These qualifications are sufficiently rare: they have first-class minds, first-class educations (Joseph, Harvard; Stewart, Yale), are sons of a political family in Connecticut and are well connected, with influential friends in and out of government, have a combined war experience that took them inside both military and political strategy with China and our European allies. This brought them back, still young, with the right questions to ask and a zest for getting the full answers.

These are essential qualities for effective journalism. To these they added the hardest kind of work. They chose to specialize on defense, and they have studied it daily and followed it into all its political thickets and international byways.

In the few years of their journalistic enterprise they have attained a status reached by few since Henry Adams, with like background and Washington connections, sought and failed the same role in a somewhat similar postwar period. With Walter Lippmann, I suspect, as their conscious model for one side of their work, they have gone far to approach his impact on public opinion, and have often drawn his public praise for unexampled reporting of many of the most crucial facts on national defense that they have uncovered.

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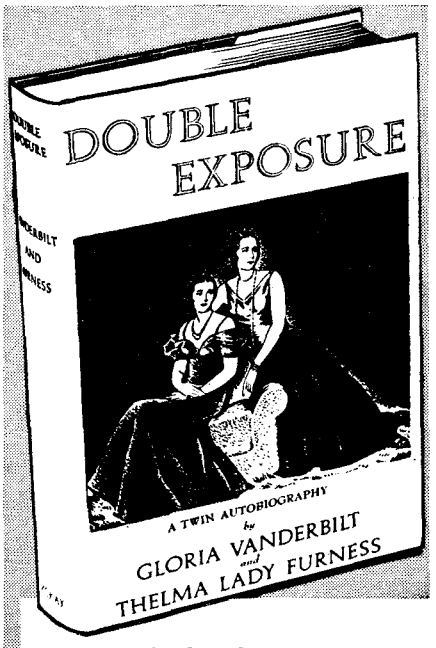

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methods of work makes a handbook and standard for the aspiring journalist. Let him not be put off too much by their often affected and opinionated mannerisms, nor by their too frequent arrogance, nor even by their occasional exhibitionism and sensationalism. The greatest of journalists in my book have been modest men. But you can't have everything. The provocative personalities of the Alsops have thrust them to the front rank of the press at a pace to suggest the power thrust of the last-century free enterprisers, who were among their forebears. The open trade of journalism cannot hide the harsh qualities that have so often attended success in business and politics. The Alsops have the drive and mettle for either.

Frankly, our reporting hasn't enough of this indomitable assertion for the difficulties of our times; though more, to be sure, than any other land. If an almost insufferably patronizing air is the price for it, this is more than paid by the product of the Alsops. They yield nothing to the politician or diplomat in their consciousness of their own status as journalists. They are insistent on it, more, I think, than necessary, and more than is pleasant. The egotism or effrontery so widely imputed to them has cost them public support and private sympathy in the jams they have got into by affronting powerful politicians, who have often tried to punish them for penetrating their devious secrecy or exposing their equivocal public statements. But the Alsops have had the toughness to take it.

They have almost always been right on their facts and sound in their fearless reporting of them. We could do with less of their doomsday tone, which at times approaches bathos and has hurt their effectiveness. But they have been sure prophets on many a crucial occasion and now can (and do) with justification say, "I told you so . . ."

Part of their strength as critics has been their nonpartisan or bipartisan choice of targets. All of their enemies do them credit. They have kept an eye on the central issues and when they have hit they have struck for the jugular. There is nothing trivial in any of the Alsops's work. And if they have no light touch, that we can find elsewhere. With whatever flaws may correctly be imputed to them, the public judgment on the Alsops so far should be Lincoln's to the critics of Grant: "I can't spare this man. He fights."

Against all the picayune nonsense that is written by professors of journalism, this book hits with striking clarity at what matters.

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Color and Customs of The Street

"The Seven Fat Years," by John Brooks *(Harper. 240 pp. $4), is a collection of seven articles on Wall Street that originally appeared in* The New Yorker. *Albert C. Lasher, assistant finance editor of* Business Week *magazine, has been asked to assess it.*

By Albert C. Lasher

THE seven fat years in the title of John Brooks's new book refer to the period between 1950 and 1957, when the stock market was leaping to historic high levels. In this, his first published volume of nonfiction, the author of "The Big Wheel," "A Pride of Lions," and last season's "The Man Who Broke Things" has succeeded in making a contribution to the enormous and amorphous body of literature on Wall Street.

Of the innumerable twentieth-century chroniclers of Manhattan's world-famed arena of finance, only a handful who can be considered informative to the average reader have the added graces of clarity and wit. Mr. Brooks joins this elite band, which includes C. W. Barron, the late publisher of *The Wall Street Journal,* a man great in girth as in influence, whose lively reminiscences were recorded in "They Told Barron"; Fred Schwed, Jr., whose classic spoof, "Where Are the Customers' Yachts?" still enjoys a modest annual sale after almost twenty years, and Martin Mayer, whose more recent "Wall Street: Men and Money," a rundown on the color and customs of "The Street," is as good a text on its functions as one could find.

"The Seven Fat Years" tastes of each of these, and offers a distinctive flavor of its own. The author, unlike most Wall Street observers, makes no attempt to pose as an expert. He wanders wide-eyed through the brokers' board room, the trading floor of the stock exchange, and the banker's hushed chambers, all the while making finely detailed, pungent observations.

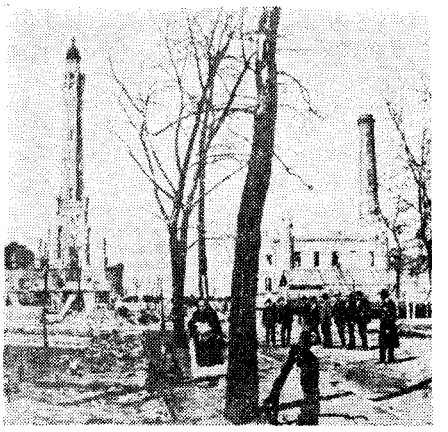
Mr. Brooks is no journalistic novice, having served a two-year apprenticeship with *Time* magazine. He joined *The New Yorker* in 1949, and has labored there since. His book is a collection of seven of his articles on Wall Street subjects which first appeared in that magazine.

With but minor changes they stand as originally published. In this collection they neatly cover the financial district in its function as a market place for the shares of the nation's corporations. This is partly accomplished via a report on the 1955 offering and sale of the then-record-breaking $325-million issue of General Motors Corp. stock, and partly by following the even more spectacular offering and sale—less than a year later—of 10.2 million shares of Ford Motor Co. stock, for which about 350,000 persons exchanged more than 650 millions of their dollars.

Mr. Brooks offers also the story of the battle for control of the New York Central Railroad. This was a struggle of the first magnitude, and, though decided by the votes of tens of thousands of Central stockholders, nevertheless was a titanic personal joust between Robert R. Young, a successful financier who wanted to become chief executive officer of the road, and William White, who already held that job and liked it. He presents, too, a profile of Calvin Bullock, Ltd., a tradition-bound investment-management concern that specializes in mutual funds; there is a study of the role of the specialist, a sort of broker's broker, who handles the trading in certain securities on the major stock exchanges; and Mr. Brooks includes in his survey a gentleman who, in seclusion, spends his time charting the price movements of stocks and analyzing the jiggling lines on his sheets of graph paper. In another article, about a musty and little-used device for unloading unwanted or unmarketable securities, the author achieves less happy results.

But he has a nose for news. He found that one of the graphs kept by chartist John McGee was not a stock at all. Mr. McGee, mildly embarrassed, explained: "I don't know how this one got in the book. . . . It's a chart of my weight, which I've been ordered by my doctor to reduce. As you can see, it's come down from around 220 to 175. Those little upturns here and there—those are weekends."

"The Seven Fat Years" brings Wall Street and its denizens to life, a not inconsiderable achievement.



CITY OF THE BIG SHOULDERS is vividly depicted in Herman Kogan's and Lloyd Wendt's pictorial history, **"Chicago"** (Dutton, $6.95). From the days of Jolliet, Indian massacres, political fests, and Prohibition furies to the modern Midwestern metropolis, Chicago's story is filled with color and vigor. The photograph above was taken on the day after the Great Fire.

Fabulous Firetrap

"The Great Chicago Fire," by Robert Cromie *(McGraw-Hill. 282 pp. $5), is a vivid picture of an historic conflagration. Novelist Nelson Algren, a native of the Windy City, comments on the book, as well as the big blaze.*

By Nelson Algren

WAS it Casey Stengel or A. J. Liebling who named Chicago "The Second City"? Whichever one, he forgot that when it comes to fire the town once outblazed both Moscow and London.

In the years when the place still thought of itself as "The Garden City" and the Lake Shore was called "The Sands," my grandparents lived, with two sons and somebody else's three-year-old, down the street from a warehouse on Randolph Street and Fifth Avenue. Their concern, when the fire broke, was for the children and their second for the family sewing machine. They got it down to the warehouse, where a throng was already storing personal possessions. It wasn't until the building was filled that someone noticed it stood next to the gas works.

The volume at hand, by Robert Cromie, is that rarity, a work of exhaustive research that reads as well as a good novel. He sets forth a scene whereon were performed, as on a field of battle, acts of high valor beside some of incredible piggishness. There were those who sacrificed all

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they had to help strangers, and those who made a killing off friends. One freethinker called on the city's poor to use the moment to redistribute the wealth once and for all. Someone brought him down with a well-aimed whiskey bottle.

Now grandparents and sewing machine alike are gone. The three-year-old caught a cold waiting in the lake for the flames to subside that put her in a wheelchair for life, and Fifth Avenue is now Wells Street. Disasters have come and disasters have passed: the proud steamer *Chicora*, down with all hands in the ice off South Haven, the *Eastland* that turned on its side in the river, the great Iroquois Theatre fire, and, latterly, Tony Weitzel.

As you've heard, we've put the place together again and there is talk of wiring City Hall for electricity. Now a line of fireproof, air-conditioned skyscrapers rises as proud as the topless towers of Troy, to face the lake from the suburbs on the north to the suburbs on the south. Behind them stretches a forest of firetraps housing Negroes, Puerto Ricans, and hillbillies from every corner of the earth, valleys as well as hills. Leaving us not only quite as vulnerable to fire as we were on that night of 1871, but also revealing a pattern, set that night, of a city that divides itself between scaling the heights and falling on its face.

A confusion in the alarm system, Mr. Cromie points out, prevented the Fire from being extinguished in time. Confusion and strong winds still dominate the place, a city of all cities most like Man himself—the most vulnerable, mockable clown of a town, ceaselessly losing his toughest fight to himself; then sitting up to demand a rematch.

DAYS OF TORMENT: In 1880, Chicago had a population of one-half million; in 1890, one million; in 1910, two million. From farms of the American Midwest and from the distant nations of Eastern Europe impoverished men turned toward a shimmering hope on the shores of Lake Michigan.

Jobs there were, for some, when they arrived—but at sweatshop wages and sweatshop hours. For all, there was the degrading misery of life in the slums. Chicago was firmly in the hands of the millionaire industrialists. And in their eyes the other Chicagoans were merely a commodity. Protest was crushed ruthlessly and, if necessary, drowned in blood. Any doubts on this score were resolved following the Haymarket Riot of 1886.

And then in 1892 a Chicago reform leader, John Peter Altgeld, seized control of the state's Democratic Party and was elected Governor. Brought to this country from Germany when only several months old, Altgeld was a self-educated attorney who had gained wide respect as chief justice of Chicago's Cook County Superior Court. The famed Clarence Darrow had come to Chicago to join him as law partner and trusted adviser. And now he was the first foreign-born Governor of Illinois.

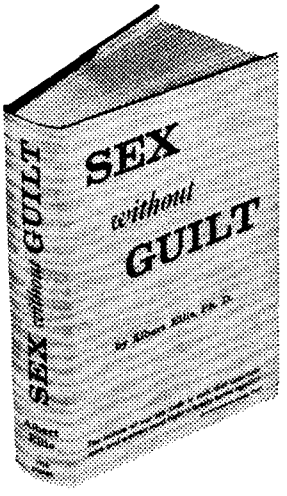
As Governor, Altgeld was not content with pushing through many overdue reforms, but sacrificed his career on a single issue—the pardon of the three surviving defendants of the Haymarket Riot trial. It made him the most vilified man of his day.

In **"Altgeld's America, 1892-1950: The Lincoln Ideal versus Changing Realities"** (Funk & Wagnalls, $4.95) Roy Ginger writes:

> From the Civil War to 1900, Abraham Lincoln dominated the visions of the good society . . . To know what was good, men looked at Lincoln. But during those very decades—it is one of the ironies with which history is fertile—the social realities that had shaped the Lincoln ideal were being chipped away, and the ideal itself was being twisted beyond recognition.

America was embarked on the agonizing transition from a rural society to an industrial economy, and nowhere was the transition more sharply etched than in Lincoln's own Illinois. Chicago, in torment, brought forth a group of social reformers the likes of which had never been seen before. Their story is an exciting one brought vividly to life in this book.

—HENRY CHRISTMAN.



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From its first chapter to its last this book says things and reveals things that adults long should have had access to—but which rarely have appeared in print!

We honestly believe that as word of this remarkable volume gets around it will become one of the most talked about books of the year.

Order your copy directly by mail. Use the coupon below. However, do it without delay—for the second printing is almost exhausted . . . and there may be a slight delay before additional copies become available.

A limited number of copies of "Sex Without Guilt" have been set aside for readers of Saturday Review. Your copy will be shipped on the same day your order reaches us. However, you must act soon. We suggest that you do it now.

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Some Quiet, Plain Poems

By Robert Penn Warren

1. Ornithology in a World of Flux

IT WAS only a bird-call at evening, unidentified,
As I came from the spring with water, across the rocky back-pasture,
But I stopped so still sky above was not stiller than sky in pail-water.

Years go, all places and faces fade, some people have died,
And I stand in a far land, the evening still, and am at last sure
That I miss that stillness at bird-call more than some things to fail later.

2. Holly and Hickory

Rain, all night, taps the holly.
It makes telegraph-*tac* on the window pane.
If awake in that house, meditating some old folly
Or trying to live an old pleasure again,
You could hear it sluicing the ruts in the lane.

Rain beats down the last leaf of hickory,
But where you lie now rain-sound would hint less
At benign sleight of the seasons, or Time's adept trickery,
And wherever you are, there's no joy or distress
To hear water moving in wheel-ruts, star-glintless,

And no car comes now up that lane,
At least with no one whom you could now know,
And who wakes in that house now to hear the rain
May fall back to sleep—as you, long ago,
Who dreamed dawnward; and would rise to go.

3. The Well-House

What happened there, it was not much,
But was enough. If you come back,
Not much may be *too much,* even if you have your old knack
Of single stillness, and do not touch
A single thing, old toy or rusted tool or any such
Object you happen to find
Hidden where, uncontrolled, grass and weeds bend.

The clematis that latches the door
Of the ruinous well-house, you might break it.
Though you guess the water foul now, and have no thirst to take it
Thirst from those years before
Might make you lean over the coping to stare at the water's dark-glinting floor.
Yes, that might be the event
To change *not much* to *too much,* and more than meant.

Yes, Truth is always in balance, and
Not much can become *too much* so quick.
Suppose you came back and found your heart of a sudden sick,
And covered your sight with your hand:
Your tears might mean more than the thing you wept for but did not understand.
Yes, something might happen there
If you came back—even if you just stood to stare.

4. In Moonlight, Somewhere, They Are Singing

Under the maples at moonrise—
Moon whitening the top leaf of whiteoak
That rose past dark mass of maples and range of eyes—
They were singing together, and I woke

From boy-sleep to whiteness of moon-fire,
And deep from their maple-dark, I
Could hear the two voices shake silver and free, and aspire
To be lost in the moon-vastness of the sky.

My young aunt and her young husband
From their maple-dark sang, and though
I did not know what they meant I was happy and
So slept, for I knew I would come to know.

But what of the old man awake there,
As the voices, like vine, climbed up moonlight?
What thought did he think of past time as they twined bright in moon-air,
And veined, with their silver, the moon-flesh of night?

Far off, I recall, in the barn-lot
A mule stamped, once; but the song then
Was over, and for that night, or forever, would not
Resume—but should it again,

Years after, wake me to white moon-fire
On pillow, high oak leaf, or far field,
I should hope to find imaged in whatever new voices aspire
Some life-faith yet, by my years, unrepealed.

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Lady Is a Lady

By John Holmes

MADAM, your manners unman me, almost
It is gently thought, to tell me of one
We both know, who recently, and near,
Praised me to you for what I had done.

For whom, woman? Good God, done what?
Your graciousness may report a fame,
But would not draggle it in its cause,
Nor demean my pride with a mere name.

But I have none, since your sweet pursed
Elderly lips gagged it with a smile.
And I smile. I shall suffocate.
I am eaten with eleventh-century bile.

Tell me tell me tell me tell hag.
Never mind. The timing is off.
Good manners, lady, is timing it right.
You needed only to emit a cough

To get my attention, and blink, nod,
But you spoke, unthinking what for.
Love has been murdered ways enough.
Yet kindness is your one kill more.

I as Charles IX

By John Nixon, Jr.

WHEN news
Of St. Bartholomew's
Reached Mississippi, it was 1936,
And though the place had not been Catholic
Or even French for seventeen
Decades, I and the Florentine
Queen Mother, heartless in our ruffs
And jeweled cuffs,
Came coldly down the schoolhouse steps to view
The carnage.

Machiavelli, you
Would grimly have approved the Medici
Woman and me.

The One Dull Thing You Did Was to Die, Fletcher

(for Fletcher Pratt, one night in Rome)

By John Ciardi

TO YOU, Fletcher, from my dark house asleep
in the sound of its lives breathing, at three
of a tired morning, and, as it happens,
in Rome—which could be Oslo or Shanghai
to any sense of mine: a place like any,
a distance equally anywhere from you
engraved in your dull death—and a damned poor likeness.

. . . I read a dull book late, then puttered
along a marble hall a block-long nowhere
at a hundred-thousand lire a month, and poured
my last shot of real Armagnac.

And now,
here I am, a sheep-face in the mirror,
the drink raised in this crazy Italian dim
of every bulb too small for what it does
and everyone saving a lira the wrong way.

Here I am in this light that sticks to shadow
without half-changing it; and there *you* are,
as dull as rent; and time wherever *it* is
in a lira's worth of something saved from dying.
God, what a silly way to keep a budget!
Well, here goes: from your budget's end and mine,
the last of what there is—to you, Fletcher,
maudlin, but in the best that money can buy.

At the Shore

By Norman E. Oakes

ALL through that summer
the cries of children
knew no window,
kept no door.
I could not escape
their exploding hours.

While I sat trying
to make words for my days,
they would scream at water,
laugh under sun,
tell terror at thunder,
and in the sea be mad.

They made summer new.
Their utterance
told more of it
than my slow words.
After their saying,
no more could be said.

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An Early Call

By Reed Whittemore

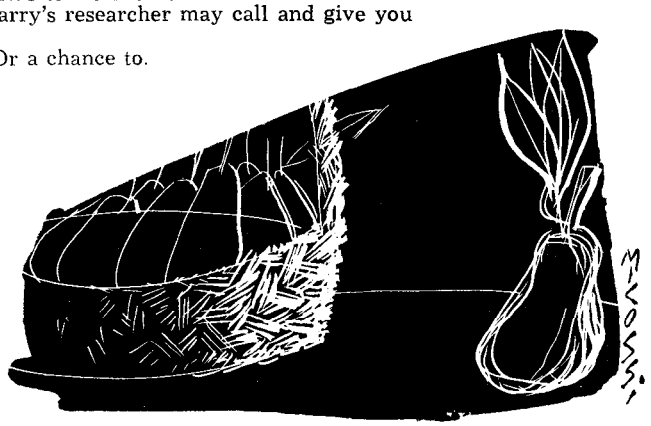
"GOOD MORNING," the voice says, "Is this Harry?"
You meditate for a moment, having been summoned
From under the wool and dacron to appear, it appears, on
What's My Name? Late and soon
Identity is a stickler, and it is soon,
Lacking something of seven. Rubbing the dacron
And wool from those eyes that might be Harry's,
You wake to your barefooted presence on bare linoleum
And find that you clasp a telephone, doubtless remaindered
From your dream of a telephone that this researcher
For one Harry
Either provoked or dispelled (you will never be certain)
The moment before you arose to be five foot nine
And firm—as you now are, saying,
"No, this is not Harry. This is Jack."

"Sorry."

You head back to the wool and dacron, bearlike
In winter,
But reach but as far as the orifice yawning (like you)
When the phone or dream of a phone summons again.
Will you be Harry *this* time? Phlebas, think!
"Good Morning," the voice says (the same cheery voice,
For dial phones compound their errors, sometimes neglecting
To locate Harry at all, until some Jack . . .)
—"Is this Harry?"

When Rip Van Winkle
Woke he did not take Rip
For Harry. Lady Macbeth
Didn't need to wake. And as for Jack?
—"No, this is

Not
Harry."
—There, you have done it;
Have started your day again with the continuity
Of a genuine (see in bare feet) historical figure,
Fixed in the flux of time (it is now seven)
And the phone book (not under Harry),
And bearing about you a past that you'll pick up at breakfast
Or shortly thereafter,
When you face up to commitments made as Jack,
And must, as Jack,
Fulfill or continue to work on till wool-and-dacron
Time, when Harry's researcher may call and give you
A turn again.
Or a chance to.



Since We Shall Die, One Night, With the Radio On

By Sydney Kessler

LET there be mountains
of stillness,
and nothing
louder than air
settling down
in the crevices
of night;

make the iron
metropolis
a soundless dot
on our
ear's map
of recollection;

let the stream flow
silently, then,
and nothing scurry,
or chatter
with rage
of fear.

In that true,
last dark
(for none
shall endure),
as joy moves the bird
only to flight,

let silence
be our redemption.

When I'm Going Well

By R. G. Everson

WHEN now I'm going well
as now at Westmount Glen
and CPR
in wet October dusk, the winds
taste firecrackery. Loud sparks
jump up laughing like a Breughel
bride.
Crayoned in phosphorous, the station
agent
vibrates. He's electrocuted.

When I'm electrocuted
weather doesn't matter: wet
dusk of October flashes fire well
like Summer moon, March mud.
I dance on tiptoe mind along the
platform
shaking laughter's outstretched hands
that shock me like a Winter
lightswitch.

When I'm a Winter lightswitch
I pick allusions off the railways tracks.
Climbing a signal standard, I wave my
hat.
A girl walking by along the platform
explodes the whole Glen area.

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Ideas

Continued from page 13

of life and light which animates and illuminates the words, facts, examples, and emotions that are dead—or deadly—and dark without them. The idea of Government, for example, moves in the orbit of such other ideas as State, Law, Constitution, Citizen, Democracy, Revolution. The idea of Virtue not only has such ideas as Wisdom, Temperance, Justice, Prudence, and Courage as its satellites, but it also is one of the focal points in a group of ideas that includes Desire, Duty, Sin, Happiness, and Pleasure and Pain. The more fully one investigates any great idea, the more one has to delve into others. The pursuit is endless—and fascinating.

None of these things would be true if ideas were words, or facts, or examples, or feelings. Nor would words, facts, examples, or feelings play the roles that they do in human life if ideas did not intervene to give them meaning and direction. Apart from ideas, great or small, they would not be discussable, interpretable, or even relateable. But while all ideas have the properties mentioned, the nature of ideas is most clearly seen in the case of the relatively small number of great ideas which are the main points of reference in the universe of human thought.

What are these "great ideas?"

Working with a large research staff, I spent eight years directing the construction of a reference work entitled "The Great Ideas" or "Syntopicon," which aimed at a systematic and comprehensive inventory of the fundamental ideas to be found in the great books of the Western world. In the beginning, we drew up a list of some 700 possible candidates for inclusion in our encyclopedic catalogue of great ideas. Then we started to examine them. After two years we found that most of these notions were parts or bits of more inclusive ideas. When we came to count up the really big and independent ideas that could stand by themselves, we determined that the irreducible minimum numbered 102.

The "Syntopicon" was published in 1952 as an adjunct to the fifty-four-volume "Great Books of the Western World." Since then I have been continuously at work on ideas with my colleagues at the Institute for Philosophical Research, and so far we have not found any ideas of a magnitude comparable to the 102. Nor has further study suggested dropping any from the list.

None of the 102 great ideas is a recent discovery in the sense in which there are really new inventions in every age. The ancient Greeks had a name for every one of them. All have been objects of speculation and inquiry since the beginning of thought. They have always been the common stock of the human mind. Innumerable men have engaged in the discussion of each one of them. The vast literature which exists on every great idea reflects not only the continuity of human thought about them, but also the wide diversity of opinions to which such thought inevitably gives rise. In the sphere of the great ideas we can find all the fundamental disagreements—and agreements—of mankind.

When I say that there are no new ideas—or no great ones that are new—I do not mean that there is nothing new in the world of ideas. On the contrary, most of the great ideas have kept on changing and growing in substance and scope, to whatever extent thinking men have been at work on them century after century. Unlike facts, which remain fixed for all time once they are established, the great ideas, once discovered in the dim past, remain the same in the way in which living organisms remain the same while developing.

In every epoch, intellectual geniuses have added not new ideas but new facets to the same enduring ones. Some of the great ideas have been more energetically or creatively pursued at certain periods or places than at others. Ideas like Prophecy or Angel have had a livelier history in antiquity or the Middle Ages than in modern times. The opposite is true of such ideas as Progress and Evolution. But the lineage of these goes back to antiquity. As Mark Twain wryly observed, "The ancients stole all our ideas from us."

Even more important than the living presence of a great idea is its future. Each is still unfinished business; each is still imperfectly understood. For six years the staff of the Institute for Philosophical Research has worked on a single idea—Freedom. We studied its past by trying, so far as possible, to read through all the major writings on the subject. We explored the whole range of differing conceptions and theories which eminent thinkers have advanced or held about freedom, assessing this idea's present significance by taking stock of all that has been thought about it in the past and is being thought about it now. This stock-taking, we hope, will reveal the fundamental agreements and disagreements which unite and divide men, together with the arguments by which

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

"WIVES FOR THEIR HUSBANDS"

Many marriages are solemnized or planned during the action of the plays of William Shakespeare. But the characters in this quiz were already wedded when the plays start. Fannie Gross of Asheville, North Carolina, asks you to join the wives listed on the left with their confused but lawful husbands on the right. Answers on page 42.

1. Adriana	( ) Aegeon
2. Aemilia	( ) Albany
3. Andromache	( ) Antigonus
4. Calpurnia	( ) Antipholus of Ephesus
5. Desdemona	( ) Brutus
6. Dionyza	( ) Charles
7. Eleanor	( ) Claudius
8. Emilia	( ) Cleon
9. Gertrude	( ) Coriolanus
10. Goneril	( ) Cornwall
11. Helen	( ) Hector
12. Hermione	( ) Henry
13. Imogen	( ) Hotspur
14. Isabel	( ) Humphrey
15. Kate	( ) Iago
16. Katharine	( ) Julius Caesar
17. Paulina	( ) Leontes
18. Portia	( ) Menelaus
19. Regan	( ) Othello
20. Virgilia	( ) Posthumus

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they have carried on the debate of the issues.

Later we plan to undertake similar inquiry and investigation of such fundamental ideas as Justice, Law, Love, Wealth, Knowledge, and Government. The venture is a formidable one. Taking four or five years for the exploration of an idea, it will require much more than several lifetimes to examine human thought on all 102 of the great ideas, each of which has a future larger and more interesting than its past.

One thing we know from the experience we have had in constructing the "Syntopicon" and in examining the idea of freedom. Every one of the great ideas is a unique adventure. Each has an interior structure and life of its own, not to mention its difference from others in size and complexity. Some great ideas—God, State, Man, Knowledge, and Wealth—involve as many as forty or fifty different topics. Some, like Fate, Element, and Honor, require only ten or fifteen. Some have a relatively simple order of parts. Some have a complex and intricate structure. But all have enough scope and variety to deserve a fuller treatment than could be given in a short essay. In the "Syntopicon," the treatment of liberty took about twenty-one pages. When "The Idea of Freedom," the first volume of which has recently been published, is completed, it will run to about 1,500 pages.

Whether we know it or not, we are all philosophers. We all think—well or sloppily, enthusiastically or inattentively. The slightest sense-perception—a falling leaf, a twinkling star, a smiling child—awakens our minds as well as arouses our feelings, and forces us to ask: Why? What? Whence? Whither?

Not to engage in this pursuit of ideas is to live like ants instead of like men. The ant can live without ideas because the whole course of its life is fixed. But man has the freedom—and therefore the necessity—to choose and to choose in terms of ideas.

We often think of ourselves as living in a world which no longer has any unexplored frontiers. We speak of pioneering as a thing of the past. But in doing so we forget that the greatest adventure of all still challenges us—what Mr. Justice Holmes called "the adventure of the human mind." Men may be hemmed in geographically, but every generation stands on the frontiers of the mind. In the world of ideas, there is always pioneering to be done, and it can be done by anyone who will use the equipment with which he is endowed. The great ideas belong to everyone.

SAVE THE CHILDREN
FEDERATION

Christos has almost given up hope

Little Christos never has any fun. Life to this ten year old Greek boy is drudgery and bitter poverty. And yet, Christos has a dream . . . some day he will make life better for himself and his family. And so he walks many miles each day to attend third grade in a small, dark room that passes for a grammar school. He learns the lives of venerated men who gave so much to Greek culture and to the world—Aristotle, Plato, Socrates—and he dreams. In the late evening, he returns home leaving just enough time to do some errands and study his lessons. But life is so dark now . . . how long can he live and nurse his dream and carry hope in his heart?

Christos' parents were married just after the war when everyone hoped for a better future. Instead, Communist inspired uprisings spread over the country. Christos' father, joined the National Guard and took part in many battles. When guerilla bands entered his village they destroyed his house and burned all his belongings.

Life for Christos' family began all over—from nothing. They now live in a hut with a roof of straw. They own three pieces of furniture. All must sleep on straw mats on the cold earthen floor. Their only property is a quarter acre of land which the father cultivates early in the morning and after dark. During the daylight hours he must work on other farmers' land for daily wages to buy food.

Christos sees his father's plight and thinks. "My father struggles for a better future; I must help him." At the age of 10, Christos still has hope.

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Foreword by Dr. Martin Niemöller

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SATURDAY REVIEW

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Dialogue

Continued from page 12

zontal audience and the other the vertical audience. The horizontal audience consists of everybody who is alive at this moment. The vertical audience consists of everyone, vertically through time, who will ever read a given poem.

"Isn't it immediately obvious that Stevens can only 'be for' a tiny percentage of the horizontal audience? Even Frost, who is the most seemingly-clear and the most widely loved of our good poets, certainly does not reach more than a small percentage of the total population, or even of that part of the population that thinks of itself as literate—as at least literate enough to buy a best-seller. The fact is that no horizontal audience since the age of folk-poetry has been much interested in good poetry. And you may be sure that a few spokesmen sounding off in the name of that horizontal audience are not going to persuade the poets.

"All good poets write for the vertical audience. The vertical audience for Dante, for example, is now six centuries old. And it is growing. If the human race has any luck at all, part of Dante's audience is still thousands of years short of being born.

"Now try a flight of fancy. Imagine that you held an election tomorrow and asked the horizontal audience to vote for Dante as opposed to Eddie Guest. Guest would certainly swamp Dante in such an election. More people in the horizontal audience have read Guest and even, God save the mark, been moved by him—if only to their own inanition. But moved, nevertheless. And we're a democracy, aren't we? The majority rules: bless the majority?

"Not in art. Not horizontally at least. The verdict in art is vertical. Take the idea of majority vote a step further. Imagine that you held the same election on Judgment Day, calling for a total vote of the human race down through time. Can you fail to believe that Dante would then swamp Eddie Guest plus all the horizontalists from Robert Service to Carl Sandburg?

"The point is that the horizontal audience always outnumbers the vertical at any one moment, but that the vertical audience for good poetry always outnumbers the horizontal in time-enough. And not only for the greatest poets. Andrew Marvell is certainly a minor poet, but given time enough, more people certainly will have read 'To His Coy Mistress' than will ever have subscribed to *Time*, *Life*, and *Fortune*. Compared to what a good poem can do, Luce is a piker at getting circulation."

"Impressive, if true," says the Citizen, "but how does any given poet get his divine sense of this vertical audience?"

"By his own ideal projection of his own best sense of himself. It's as simple as that," says the Poet. "He may be wrong, but he has nothing else to go by. And there is one thing more—all good poets are difficult when their work is new. And their work always becomes less difficult as their total shape becomes more and more visible. As that shape impresses itself upon time, one begins to know how to relate the parts to their total. Even Keats and Shelley confounded their contemporary critics as 'too difficult' and 'not for me'."

The Citizen throws his hands up. "All right, all right: I've been outtalked. But who *does* write for me?"

The Poet spreads his hands palms out. "Keats and Shelley—now that they have lost their first difficulty."

"And are dead enough?" says the Citizen. "Well, may be. But why is it so impossible for *you* to think about writing for me? I'm willing to give it a try."

The Poet shrugs. "The sort of try you gave Stevens? But no matter. The point is why *should* I write for you?—you're going to be dead the next time anyone looks. We all are for that matter. But not the poem. Not if it's made right. If I make it for you I have to take the chance that it will die with you. I'm not sure you're that good an investment. Besides which, I have to invest in myself. If we happen to share some of the same sense of poetry, it may work out that I do happen to write for you. But that would be a happy bonus at best. I still cannot think of you as a main investment—not till you show a better 'vertical-sense'."

"We who are about to die," says the Citizen, "salute the poems we cannot grasp. Is that it?"

"Like nothing else in Tennessee," says the Poet bowing.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 2, 10, 17, 1, 18, 14, 9, 6, 20, 19, 3, 16, 15, 7, 8, 4, 12, 11, 5, 13. Plays keyed on Column One: 1. "The Comedy of Errors." 2. "The Comedy of Errors." 3. "Troilus and Cressida." 4. "Julius Caesar." 5. "Otello." 6. "Pericles." 7. "Henry VI—Part II." 8. "Othello." 9. "Hamlet." 10. "King Lear." 11. "Troilus and Cressida." 12. "The Winter's Tale." 13. "Cymbeline." 14. "Henry V." 15. "Henry IV—Part I." 16. "Henry VIII." 17. "The Winter's Tale." 18. "Julius Caesar." 19. "King Lear." 20. "Coriolanus."

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Menotti's "Maria"—New and Old Met Standards

THE futility of pretending that a three-act work of Gian-Carlo Menotti is something less than opera, something more than Broadway "musical" cost his "Maria Golovin" a fair share of audience appraisal in its American premiere at the Martin Beck Theatre. This distinguished addition to his compositional catalogue (first seen in Brussels last summer) found few friends among the drama critics who were invited to appraise it as "entertainment," which is akin to measuring an elephant by the length of its tail. Its fifth performance was also its last.

However, good scores have survived worse tribulations (such as inept performance), and the qualities of this one will survive not only the misjudgment but also some miscalculations on the part of the dramatic Menotti against the interests of the composer. As is customary with him, one must surrender a measure of credulity as price of admission to his personal world of fantasy. In this instance, that a worldly young woman spending a summer as a paying guest in a country house (Switzerland is suggested) could fall in love with an emotionally starved blind son of the household, though yearning for a husband imprisoned in a postwar concentration camp. His attachment is one of desperation; hers of convenience—and it is hardly surprising that the ties of family (when the husband is liberated) are stronger than the bonds of infatuation.

Menotti still lacks the breath and vision to sustain a dramatic problem without recourse to brief scenes, with seven segments making up the three acts. But his musical resource gains in strength and purpose year by year, work by work. From the atmospheric prelude of "Maria Golovin" to its effective end, the ideas are strong and fresh. Moreover, Menotti's flow is cleverly diverted into some channels and areas he has not previously been able to navigate, in conversational vocal exchanges while the orchestra carries the melodic undercurrent, or in the evolution of a trio into a quartet, in Act II.

In recognizing the real qualities of musical invention, imagination, and discipline that have gone into "Maria Golovin" one confronts, again, the limitations of dramatic resource which drive him towards mechanistic devices. Is it necessary, in the first instance, that Donato be not only young and attractive but also blind? Like several other elements of the plot it seems designed to load the dice in the gamble for audience favor. Musically, Menotti has too much to draw upon to need such hedges and parlays.

As casting director and stage manager, Menotti brought together a believable group of performers who were well schooled to achieve the desired end. Richard Cross played a correctly stumbling Donato while singing his music persuasively. Franca Duval combined the dramatic allure with the vocal strength required of Maria, and Patricia Neway was always in the picture with her projection of an understanding mother to an infatuated son. Smaller but important roles were skilfully done by Norman Kelley as a comic relief tutor to Maria's young son, and by Ruth Kobart as a possessive housemaid. The integration of voices with the smallish orchestra was aptly achieved by Herbert Grossman, and the scenic design by Rouben Tar-Arutunian blended comfort with a suggestion of confinement suitable to the various plot elements.

A NEW production and old standards were sharply juxtaposed in the week's events at the Metropolitan Opera. Taking them in order was a new visualization of "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci" by Rolf Gerard with Jose Quintero as stage director, and the first appearance of Renata Tebaldi in last season's production of "Madama Butterfly." If one found stimulation and pleasure in the latter, one could only regard the former as a too, too literal fulfilment of its jocular nickname: too much ham in "Pagliacci," a scrambled omelet of results in "Cavalleria."

Considering what Gerard has given us in the past, this "Cav" and "Pag" must be termed slick, superficial, and unimaginative. Whatever Quintero's background in the Broadway theatre, he seemed more baffled than stimulated by the operatic challenge. There was a degree of organization and nuance in "Pagliacci" (with a particular profit to Lucine Amara's enactment of Nedda), but time seemed to have run out before he could put his impression on "Cavalleria."

Musically, the renditions varied from Leonard Warren's superbly vigorous, and tasteful projection of the "Pagliacci" prologue to Mario del Monaco's vulgar and tasteless distortion of "Vesti la giubba" (in which the top A allotted neither fermata, ritard, nor other prolongation of its simple quarter note length in the score, was dragged out unmercifully). Why a conductor of Dimitri Mitropoulos's stature should indulge such grotesquerie, only he could answer. Amara's Nedda was a better effort than any by her in the past, and Mario Sereni made an appealing Silvio. Aside from Rosalind Elias's Lola and the Mamma Lucia of Thelma Votipka, there was nothing of vocal distinction in the "Cavalleria," whose effortful Santuzza was Zinka Milanov, with a transient tenor named Primo Zambruno making an uneventful debut as Turiddu, and Cesare Bardelli singing the kind of coarse Alfio that was standard, in depression days, at the dollar top Hippodrome.

AMID the negativism of Maria Callas's going from the Metropolitan, there was a clear, strong note of affirmation in the coming of Renata Tebaldi in her first "Butterfly," reminding us that the Met has old standards as well as new productions. The strong-voiced soprano gratified best hopes with a warmly-colored, expertly-shaded treatment of the vocal score, which attested not only to her capacity for artistic growth, but also her response to the leadership of conductor Erich Leinsdorf, and the suggestive stage direction of Yoshio Aoyama. From the one she derived an increased effectiveness of her powerful vocal means, from the other, a heightened awareness of what can be accomplished by integrated action and gesture. Eugenio Fernandi's likable Pinkerton, the expert Suzuki of Mildred Miller and Mario Zanasi's substantial Sharpless also added to the totality of this imaginative "Butterfly."

IN OTHER circumstances there might have been occasion for extended comment on the homecoming recital of Rosalyn Tureck in Town Hall in which, after a three years' absence, this devotedly enthusiastic artist gave us Bach of warmth and flexibility in playing, among other works, the "Capriccio on a Departure of a Beloved Brother"; the finely prepared and joyfully executed "Messiah" in which Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra were joined by the Choir of the Mormon Tabernacle in Salt Lake City, and the Beryoska Dance Company from Moscow, which performed, pleasantly, a program of too little varied folk dances, and didn't come close to the power or interest of the Moiseyev Company.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Books to Listen By

By FREDERIC RAMSEY, JR.

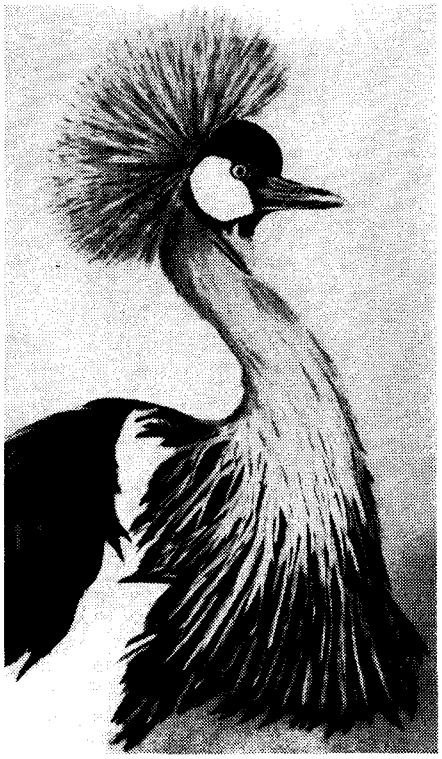
BOOKS and records, when they don't trod upon each other's heels, do sometimes develop a curious inter-relationship that might be described as gravitational. An illustration of our theory could be drawn from those vibrations which come into being between books that have been written years ago, with no foreplanning of any sort on the part of their authors, and records that have been brought to market only yesterday.

Such a work is Isak Dinesen's "Out of Africa" (Modern Library), a book that can swing its own vibrations and which, for reasons of our own, we happened to be re-reading. In the middle of this, there arrived another of those "wildlife voices" LP's from Cornell University Records, "Voices of African Birds" (order by title from 124 Roberts Place, Ithaca, N.Y.; $7.75). We could sense the beginning of new tremors, but held ourselves in check until matters had been verified.

For one thing, Africa is big, and the sub-title to the "Voices" read "Songs and calls of forty-two species found in Kenya, Uganda, Sudan, Tanganyika, Rhodesia, South Africa, the Congo, and Nigeria"—and this rather dispelled our first notion that these birds could have activated that specific pinpoint of landscape just twelve miles out of Nairobi, in Kenya, where Isak Dinesen had managed, and written about, a coffee plantation.

But on hearing the record, all comes clear as the call of the White-bellied Go-away-bird. In his spoken introduction, Dr. A. A. Allen of the Cornell Laboratory of Ornithology tells us that the bird voices "were recorded by Myles E. W. North, District Commissioner of Kenya, and a member of this Laboratory."

Next, we hear from Commissioner North as he presents his recordings: "All these birds are characteristic of Kenya, where the records were made, but not only of Kenya, as most of them are found over a wide part of Africa also." So it is with birds—they fly about, and although not all of them might fly about everywhere, recordings taken almost anywhere in Africa could be labelled fairly as being of the Continent. But for us, it was enough to learn that they had stopped by in Kenya for their first appearances before the microphone.



South African Crowned Crane.

References to many of these birds, we found in cross-checking, are numerous in Isak Dinesen's book. *Passim*, there are twenty such, and these include spurfowl, guinea birds, storks, purple wood pigeons, cuckoos, ostriches, herons, ibis, kingfishers, cranes, nightingales, and flamingoes. From Commissioner North's tapes, we get them singing, lighting, primping, courting, scolding, and indulging in impromptu jam sessions, as when a European interloper, the nightingale, sets out to carve an African spotted warbler. The site of this duel is an evergreen bush within a mile of the railroad station at Voi, inland from Mombasa. As reviewers say, it would not be cricket to reveal its outcome, although reverberations emanating from it are of the highest sonic order.

From Isak Dinesen, we get the birds in the round—placed in their milieu, flapping their wings and displaying color and form and, sometimes, curious resemblances to humans which she sets down with skill: "The Greater Hornbill was another visitor to the farm, and came there to eat the fruits of the Cape-Chestnut tree. They are very strange birds. It is an adventure or an experience to meet them, not altogether pleasant, for they look exceedingly knowing. One morning before sunrise I was woken up by a loud jabbering outside the house, and when I walked out on the terrace I saw forty-one Hornbills sitting in the trees of the lawn. There they looked less like birds than like some fantastic articles of finery set on the trees here and there by a child. Black they all were, with the sweet, noble black of Africa, deep darkness absorbed through an age, like old soot, that makes you feel that for elegance, vigour and vivacity, no colour rivals black. All the Hornbills were talking together in the merriest mood, but with choice deportment, like a party of inheritors after a funeral."

As North indicates, some of his voices are "spectacular" (Fish Eagle, Crowned Crane, and Ground Hornbill); some "amusing" (Marabou Stork, Go-away-bird, Silvery-Cheeked Hornbill); some "of considerable interest," and some "of beauty and charm" (Red-and-Yellow Barbet, African Pied Wagtail).

The two kinds of reports, those of the book and the record, do dovetail rather neatly, perhaps all the more so because Commissioner North delivers his commentary in an occasionally inflected, but more consistently deadpan, manner that blends the joys of his achievement with a sobersides sense of the project's weight. That he should sometimes manage to echo the mood and deportment of the Great Hornbill is perhaps not entirely a matter of chance.

In "Out of Africa," Isak Dinesen tells of hollow tree-stems hung up in ropes of hide on a branch: "the Kikuyu hung them there to make the bees build in them, and to get honey." There are many bees in Kenya, and this turns out to be a convenient arrangement. Supplementing this report of honey-making is the bird who calls attention to it. Sadly, Mr. North reports that he never was granted an opportunity to record this rare one; but a Mr. Edgar Queeny did get a take "at the bush near Mara River, southwest of Norok, Kenya. 1°10′S. 35°10′E. January."

The call of the Black-throated Honey-Guide is indeed "of considerable interest"—a clamorous, insistent chattering that guides passersby to the hive. When this is opened, the Honey-Guide flutters down for his share of the loot. His scientific name is given as *Indicator indicator*. Come to think of it, there's only one other fellow in the world we'd put up as a match for *him* in a duel. His scientific name is *Communicator communicator*, and his habitat is Madison Avenue.

Another recording that tends to vibrate sympathetically in the vicinity of a book is the one titled: "The Mur-

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der Trial of William Palmer, Surgeon" (Folkways FL 9601, two records, $11.90). The book that sets it going is the reconstruction, by Robert Graves, of events leading to and following the same trial, titled "They Hanged My Saintly Billy." Here, the title gives away the outcome, and that can't be helped.

From voluminous and often contradictory testimony, Bernard Rosenberg of the New York Bar has abstracted what he believes to be the quintessences of the plot as it came out in cross-examination at the Old Bailey. From this abridged script, Professor Wallace House of New York University made an adaptation for recording. Spoken parts from the 100-year-old testimony were assigned to actors; the result is a satisfactory and realistic reading, quite uncluttered by sound effects. This is a relief, as it leaves the listener free to concentrate on the rather complex business of the trial as it evolves. Together, the book and recording make a lively pair.

"Imagine, if you can, a small room, hexagonal in shape, like the cell of a bee." So does E. M. Forster begin his story, "The Machine Stops" ("The Collected Tales of E. M. Forster," Knopf). "There are no apertures for ventilation, yet the air is fresh. There are no musical instruments, and yet, at the moment that my meditation opens, this room is throbbing with melodious sounds."

All this seems to vibrate rather prophetically with liner notes to still another bird record, "An Evening in Sapsucker Woods" (Cornell, as above: $4.95): "At the edge of the pond is an attractive building with picture windows where they (bird watchers) can sit comfortably with binoculars or cameras and hear as well as see the birds, for their songs and calls of the other denizens of the woods are brought into the observatory by a unique stereophonic listening device."

For those who can't make it to Sapsucker Woods, the record will do it for them. The sounds, besides being piped in, have now been recorded and put together in an attractive take-home package, as the Honey-Guide might whisper.

Whether all this means an end to any one's simply going out to see and to hear one's own birds, we leave to E. M. Forster to ruminate. In the meantime, there is an additional bit of helpful information from the persistent ornithologists. Any one who wants color slides "matching the species whose voices appear" on the record can write to 33 Sapsucker Woods Road, where they can be had through arrangement. Then should joy be complete.

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Recordings Reports: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Concerto No. 1 in C. Bach: Concerto No. 5 in F minor. Glenn Gould, piano, with orchestra conducted by Vladimir Golschmann. Columbia ML 5298, $3.98.	The quick-minded, sure-fingered Gould offers bracing musical experience in both works, abetted in companionable manner by Golschmann and the orchestra. Both works have momentum and vitality as conceived by Gould, and these are very much "his" performances, especially the Beethoven which rarely has as much impact and volatility. I do not know his authority for an unconventional treatment of the embellishments in the slow movement, but they strike the ear oddly. He provides his own cadenzas for both end movements, thus convicting himself of enterprise above and beyond the call of virtuosity. Neither, as he readily acknowledges, are "in pure Beethoven style," but they neither jar nor jangle in an artful adaptation of Regerian chromaticism (first movement) or rhapsodic flight (finale). They certainly make more sense than the nineteenth-century clichés of the Moscheles type. Fine sound in both.
Debussy: "La Mer," "Iberia." Manuel Rosenthal directing the orchestra of the Theatre National de l'Opera. Westminster WST 14020, $5.98.	Rosenthal has valid ideas on this repertory (especially in "Iberia") but the orchestra doesn't compare with the best who have recorded it (French, or Suisse, included). The reproduction is no more than passable, either monophonic or stereo, and even the attractions of the new technique have already been better served on other labels.
D'Indy: "Symphony on a Mountain Air." Fauré: Fantasie (Op. 111). Saint-Saëns: Caprice-Valse. Grant Johannesen, piano, with the London Symphony conducted by Sir Eugene Goossens and Lawrance Collingwood (St. Saëns). Capitol G 7132, $4.98.	Johannesen's maturing abilities have reached the point where more evidences of his skills would be welcome on records. His choice of repertory is typically discriminating, and productive of quality results in both the D'Indy and Saint-Saëns (the Fauré is a little thinner in substance). For the Saint-Saëns, Johannesen provides a lively feeling for its chain of waltzes (appropriate to the sub-title "Wedding Cake," a baker's dozen) and the efficient effort is completed by spirited leadership from both conductors. The bright recording tends, in some heavily-scored passages, to be a little ear-shattering.
Elgar: "Falstaff," "Cockaigne" overture. Sir Adrian Boult conducting. Westminster 14007, $5.98.	Perhaps after a half a dozen more hearings of this work I will share the appraisal of the late D. F. Tovey quoted on the sleeve of its "greatness." As of two tries, it listens to me as disjointed, scrappy in its thematic material, and not in any way to be compared with the "Enigma" variations. I do not doubt that Boult does well by it, though the proof—listener conviction—is lacking. He does the more familiar "Cockaigne" with affection though not the esprit of Beecham. It may be noted that James Lyons's reminder, in the sleeve notes, that this "Falstaff" bears no relation to the fat fool in "The Merry Wives" (Elgar was concerned with his younger years) that is just the way he is pictured on the album cover. Not the best Westminster sound, stereo or otherwise.
Dvorak: Symphonic Variations. Tchaikovsky: Variations (from "Suite in G" No. 3, op. 55). Sir Malcolm Sargeant conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Capitol G 7131, $4.98.	Style and authority are welcome enhancements of both performances, in a kind of warmly musical expression not invariably characteristic of Sargeant. However he has gauged the qualities of both works well, and profits from the whole-hearted participation of the orchestra in both. Doubtless the excellence of the orchestral personnel has a part in the results, which are notably well reproduced.
Grofé: "Grand Canyon" and "Mississippi" suites. Felix Slatkin conducting the Hollywood Bowl Symphony. Capitol SP 8347, $5.98.	Two appropriate performances of two ingratiating works, the "Mississippi" suite in particular profiting from a quality of orchestral execution it does not always enjoy. Slatkin has an apt sense of the style appropriate to the content, judging well how far to go with sentiment and where to draw the line. The stereo is successfully done, though a high level of surface sound is distracting where the scoring is thin.
Hovhanness: "Mysterious Mountain." Stravinsky: "Baiser de la Fée" (Divertimento). Fritz Reiner conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LM 2251, $4.98.	There is nothing in the least mysterious about the appeal of the Hovhaness, a beautifully conceived orchestral work which is precisely realized in the composer's scoring. The treatment by Reiner and the orchestra is more specific, less veiled in sound than that heard lately from Leopold Stokowski in Carnegie Hall, and in this view, to the gain of the total effect. His orchestra responds with fire and sparks to the forceful leadership he applies to make some valid dramatic points in the Stravinsky. First-class technical work in each, the sleeve carrying a credit line for Richard Mohr as musical director and Lewis Layton as engineer—a division of labor producing a unity of result.
Kay: "Stars and Stripes Forever," "Cakewalk." Arthur Fiedler and the Boston Pops Orchestra. RCA Victor LM 2240, $4.98.	Both of these scores are from the repertory of the New York City Ballet, and in each Kay had a fairly potent "collaborator": John Philip Sousa, many of whose best marches, etc. are utilized in "SASF," and Louis Gottschalk in "Cakewalk." Both tasks are artfully accomplished by Kay, and the performers respond with the flair and jauntiness characteristic of Fiedler. A natural for devotees of the ballets, the rhythmic attack is somewhat prolonged for home listening otherwise. Big, jubilant sound.
Prokofiev: "Romeo and Juliet" (Excerpts). Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. Columbia MS 6023, $5.98.	For brilliance and detail, this stereo treatment of Prokofiev's richly textured work excells any previous treatment known to me. Mitropoulos utilizes parts 1, 5, 6, and 7, of suite one, and 1, 2, 3, 5, and 7 of suite two, intermixing elements as he prefers. Save for a little overproduction of orchestral sound in some sections (as in "The Death of Tybalt"), Mitropoulos applies a discriminating hand to the problem. The sleeve notes are devoid of illumination on the music, presenting instead a series of Shakespearean excerpts bearing on the sections musically paralleled.
Rachmaninoff: Symphony No. 2. Paul Paray conducting the Detroit Symphony Orchestra. Mercury SR 90019, $5.95.	The monophonic predecessor of this stereo issue seems to have escaped mention in these pages, which is a pity, for it is among the best performances the work has had, on discs or off. Strong and assertive as is the leadership provided by Paray, it is also flexible and expressive of the composer's personality. Fine orchestral performance, broadly reproduced.
Saint-Saëns: Concerto No. 2 (G minor). Franck: Symphonic Variations. Artur Rubinstein, piano, with the Symphony of the Air conducted by Alfred Wallenstein. RCA Victor LSC 2234, $5.98.	Further samplings of the Rubinstein concerto repertory as expounded in Paris, London, and New York during his famous series of concerts in 1956. There is special glow and atmosphere to the Saint-Saëns, which Rubinstein plays with a richness of sound and a play of color inherent in it but not often provided by present-day interpreters. He is also adept in moving from the improvisatory spirit of the opening to the lightfooted gaiety of the finale. Wallenstein's direction also contributes to the excellence of the whole. The Franck, for me, is a little ponderous in this treatment better served by a lighter piano sound and sharper dynamic definition. Available in well-spaced stereo.
Tchaikovsky: Concerto in D. Erica Morini, violin, with orchestra conducted by Artur Rodzinski. Westminster 14017, $5.98.	Though mode of reproduction is not supposed to affect the musical values of a performance, the stereo illusion also suggests more vitality, a greater urgency than the original monophonic release. Miss Morini's personal ideas about this work are still conspicuous, especially in tempo alterations, but the sound is excellent, the reproduction of it, as suggested above, successful. —Irving Kolodin.

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Top Tapes of '58

SINCE this department's inception some sixteen months ago several miles of pre-recorded tape have rolled over the capstan of our stereo rig. By and large, the quality of the tapes audited has been of a high technical standard, the audio engineer often displaying as much virtuosity as the performing artist. Sometimes, to be sure, this has resulted in the tail wagging the dog. In the first flush of "hystereo" the temptation to stress sonic brilliance at the expense of musical values has not always been resisted, nor has the musical work itself invariably been worth the engineering skills lavished upon it.

In the main, however, the output of the past year has been unusually rewarding for the tape collector. To list all of the better releases would require far too much space, but the following paragraphs incorporate a cross section of those which, in one respect or another, have been outstanding.

In the purely orchestral category, Louis Fourestier's performance of Berlioz's Symphonie Fantastique with the Cento Soli Orchestra of Paris (Omegatape ST-3013, $14.95) rates high for interpretive brilliance, as does Charles Munch's unorthodox but arresting treatment of the Franck D minor Symphony with the Boston Orchestra (RCA Victor ECS-58, $14.95).

The golden warmth of Saint-Saens's Third (Organ) Symphony as performed by Hans Swarowsky and the Vienna Philharmusica (Urania UST-1201, $11.95) makes this a treasurable item for the musical romanticist, while at the opposite pole Richard Strauss's satirical "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" Suite is keenly etched by Fritz Reiner and the Chicago Symphony in a bright-sounding recording by Victor (RCA DCS-43, $12.95).

Superlative sound matched with a vivid performance by Antal Dorati and the Minneapolis Symphony make the tuneful Offenbach potpourri, "Gaite Parisienne," as gay as its title in a finely-balanced tape by Mercury (MCS5-15, $11.95). Equally sheer sound, complemented in this case by Nicolai Malko's reflective approach, distinguishes Victor's British recording of Prokofieff's lyrical Seventh Symphony with the Philharmonia Orchestra (RCA DCS-38, $12.95), while Omegatape's release of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony (STD-13, $5.95), although recorded under less felicitous acoustical conditions, is outstanding for the invigorating approach of Guenter Wand conducting the Guerzenich Symphony Orchestra of Cologne. As an example of stereo's sensitivity to the most exotic instrumental effects, Ernst Toch's Third Symphony in William Steinberg's luminous statement with the Pittsburgh Orchestra (Capitol ZF-7, $14.95) is rewarding on every level.

The concerto field has also yielded a number of notable releases, among the more impressive being Phonotapes' recording of Alfred Brendel's big-toned traversal of Liszt's First Piano Concerto with Michael Gielen conducting the Vienna Pro Musica Symphony (S-701, $11.95). Phonotapes has also done well by Stravinsky's Capriccio for Piano and Orchestra, offering an engaging per-

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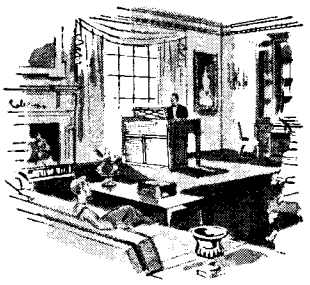

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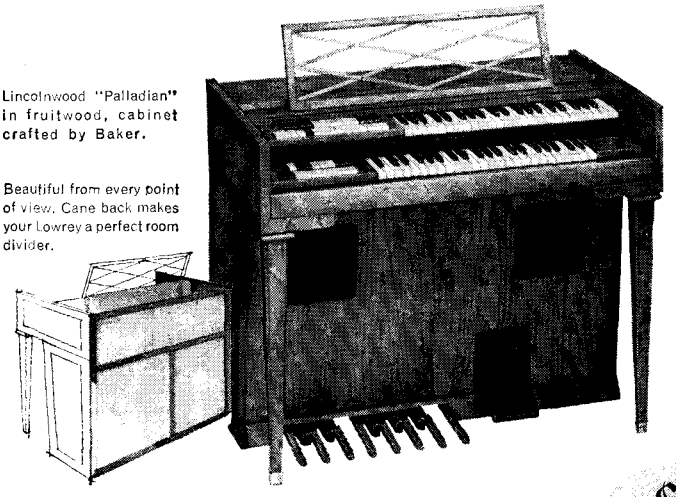

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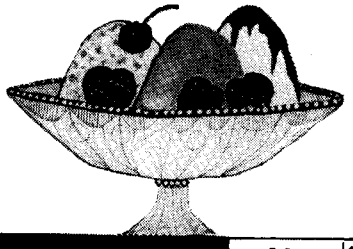

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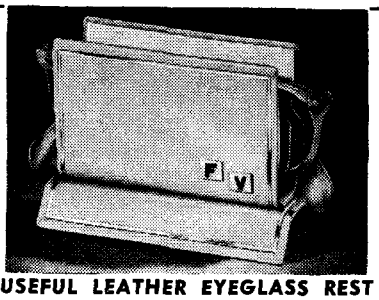

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formance by Charlotte Zelka and the Southwest German Radio Orchestra conducted by Harold Byrns (S-714, $11.95).

Fine definition and balance distinguish Capitol's airy recording of the Khachaturian Piano Concerto (ZF-52, $14.95) and the Tchaikovsky B flat Minor (ZF-40, $14.95), both played with encompassing technique by Leonard Pennario, the first with Felix Slatkin conducting the Concert Arts Symphony, the second with the Los Angeles Philharmonic conducted by Erich Leinsdorf. The taut Leinsdorf-Pennario collaboration in the latter makes this a better integrated effort than the performance of Van Cliburn with Kiril Kondrashin, despite the drama of Cliburn's approach (RCA ECS-187, $14.95).

Artur Rubinstein's exciting pianism has been brilliantly reproduced in Victor's release of the Grieg A minor Concerto, which presents the RCA Victor Symphony conducted by Alfred Wallenstein (DCS-47, $12.95). Victor's recordings of the Fourth and Fifth Beethoven concertos, however, lack the resonance to do full justice to the sensitive collaborating team of Rubinstein, Josef Krips and the Symphony of the Air (FSC-60 and FSC-61, each $16.95).

At least two albums of exceptional fiddling are also available. Westminster's excellent recording of the Brahms Violin Concerto presents a fine-grained performance by Erica Morini with Artur Rodzinski conducting the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of London (SWB-9005, $17.95). Capitol's release of the Dvorak Violin Concerto brings Nathan Milstein, William Steinberg and the Pittsburgh Orchestra together in one of this company's finest recordings (ZF-26, $14.95).

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—Mildred Norton.

(To be continued)

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(Continued on page 50)

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(Continued from page 49)

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. The "Bible of 36 Lines" as described by a German in 1760.	89 180 37 43 122 83 51 66 1 115
B. An extra by which the value of something basic is usually enhanced.	73 153 107 80 69 34 183 84
C. Illuminate.	94 138 24 62 86 158 16 45 170
D. Woman member of the Black Race.	35 166 77 126 119 49 103
E. Popular stuffed toy animal named for President Theodore Roosevelt.	33 48 91 185 131
F. Gathered in soft, loose quilting.	14 137 124 167 21 144
G. Scare.	135 141 173 130 121 96 157 175
H. What some "fat old bather stepped on" in the answer to the old riddle, "Why is the sea so sad?"	168 159 59 184 111 42 148 186
I. Resembling a leg or arm or branch.	58 11 68 176 28 199 17 71
J. In a general sense, specifying any law enacted with retrospective effect (3 Lat. in wds.).	127 22 98 67 146 110 117 151 93 19 88
K. Allowable.	23 179 44 52 46 123 54 172 198 90
L. Pertaining to a beginning.	187 154 132 76 140 32 87 197 120 177
M. Somewhat marred by having been kept on display in a store.	13 182 108 61 3 155 133 152
N. Warmth sensation.	36 20 192 57 8 162 26 145 50
O. Reduce in number or bulk.	39 18 7 195 139 95
P. That which is produced by a cause.	164 72 65 134 109 161
Q. Main point; pith; material part (2 wds.).	188 191 129 147 78 27 12
R. Saint Cecilia was the first such, acc'g to legend.	149 165 160 104 193 74 97 41
S. Specifying the verb which can take an object.	30 63 56 200 169 99 75 9 79 114
T. Obligated (to somebody for something).	182 105 118 6 163 64 38 171
U. A diminutive person, esp. one on exhibition in a show.	47 112 150 196 53 156
V. Caught up with and passed	116 128 15 100 136 40 194 181 113
W. Roy Rogers' horse.	190 10 101 82 142 25 178
X. Exacerbate; enhance.	5 60 174 201 31 102 85 81
Y. Age of the young people.	29 2 92 4 55 70 125 143 106

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

				1 A	2 Y	3 M		4 Y	5 X	6 T		7 O	8 N	9 S	10 W	11 I	12 Q							
	13 M	14 F	15 V	16 C	17 I	18 O	19 J	20 N		21 F	22 J	23 K	24 C	25 W	26 N	27 Q	28 I							
29 Y		30 S	31 X	32 L	33 E		34 B	35 D		36 N	37 A	38 T		39 O	40 V	41 R	42 H							
43 A	44 K		45 C	46 K	47 U	48 E	49 D		50 N	51 A	52 K	53 U		54 K	55 Y	56 S	57 N							
58 I		59 H	60 X	61 M	62 C	63 S	64 T		65 P	66 A	67 J	68 I		69 B	70 Y	71 I								
72 P	73 B	74 R	75 S	76 L		77 D	78 Q	79 S	80 B	81 X	82 W		83 A	84 B	85 X	86 C								
87 L	88 J		89 A	90 K	91 E	92 Y	93 J	94 C	95 O	96 G		97 R	98 J	99 S	100 V	101 W	102 X							
103 D		104 R	105 T	106 Y		107 B	108 M	109 P	110 J	111 H	112 U	113 V	114 S	115 A		116 V	117 J							
	118 T	119 D	120 L	121 G	122 A	123 K		124 F	125 Y	126 D		127 J	128 V	129 Q	130 G	131 E								
132 L	133 M	134 P	135 G	136 V	137 F	138 C	139 O		140 L	141 G		142 W	143 Y	144 F		145 N	146 J							
	147 Q	148 H	149 R	150 U		151 J	152 M	153 B		154 L	155 M	156 U	157 G	158 C	159 H	160 R								
161 P	162 N		163 T	164 P		165 R	166 D	167 F	168 H	169 S	170 C	171 T		172 K	173 G		174 X							
175 G		176 I	177 L		178 W	179 K	180 A	181 V	182 T	183 B	184 H	185 E		186 H	187 L	188 Q	189 M							
	190 W	191 Q	192 N	193 R	194 V	195 O	196 U	197 L	198 K	199 I	200 S	201 X												

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

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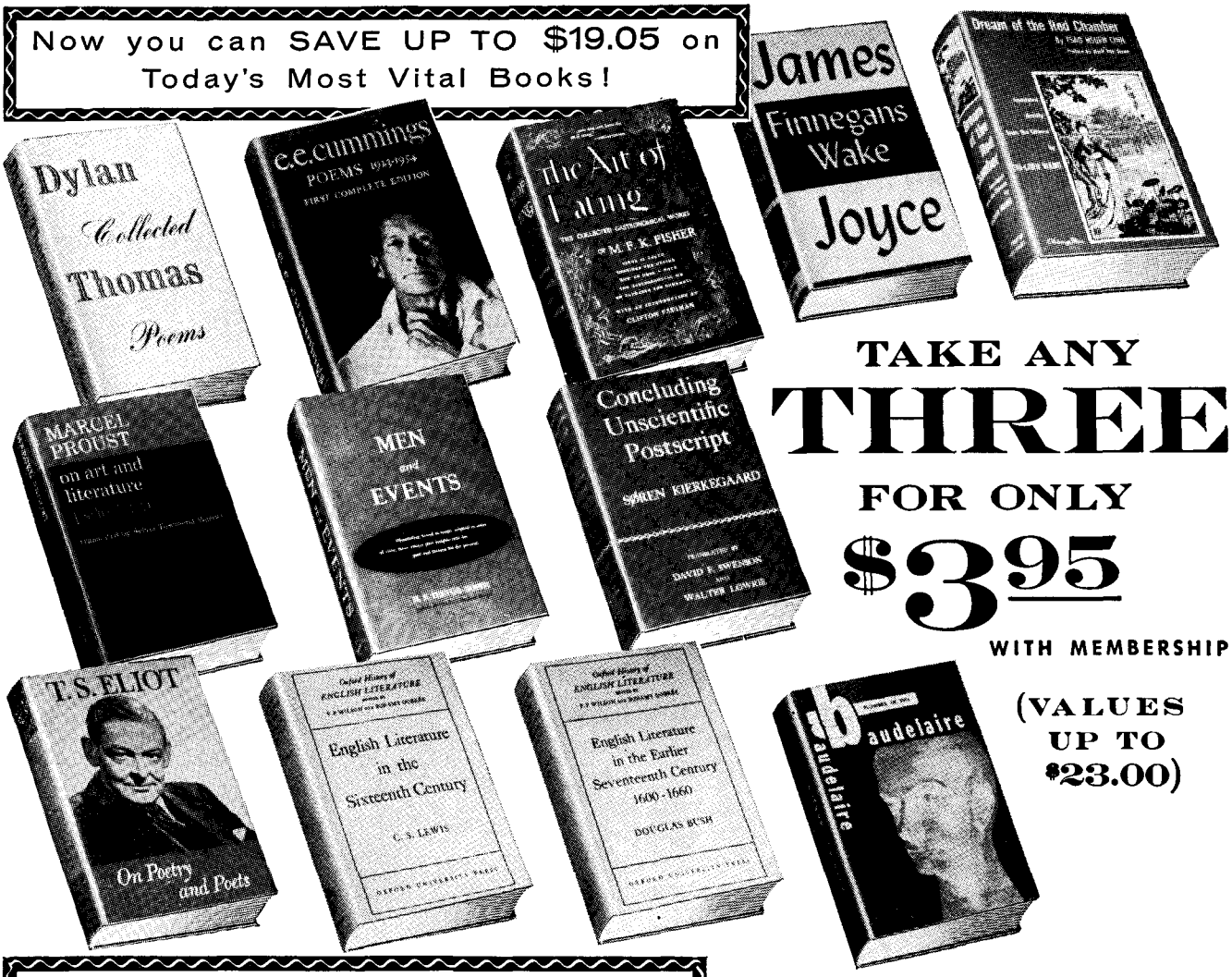
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